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The Week

A SURVEY of the political situation throughout the world today and as it was three months ago reveals the instability of popular moods. At the end of the summer Great Britain and France were ruled by radical labor governments. In the United States the balance of power in Congress was held by Progressives. Germany was moving toward the extreme Left and Right. Italy and Spain were in the firm grip of reactionary military dictatorships. Today conservative landslides have buried the Labor government of England, and destroyed the power of the Progressives in the American Senate and House. Recent elections in Germany, preliminary to the general vote in December, reveal a drift away from the communists and extreme nationalists, toward the centre. The Herriot government in France is generally agreed to be on the verge of downfall; Mussolini is weaker than at any moment since he assumed power, and the drastic censorship on Spanish news is unable to conceal the fact that a desperate struggle is on foot to overthrow Rivera.

IT would be absurd to seek any general principle underlying these conflicting developments. In each case local conditions are responsible. In the United States the natural timidity of a wealthy nation in a poverty-stricken world was accentuated by a whipped-up panic over the supposed danger to the Supreme Court and the Constitution. In Great Britain, Mr. MacDonald's political ineptitude accentuated the dissatisfaction produced by the terms of the Russian treaty. M. Herriot's troubles centre about his inability to balance the budget without resorting to the selfsame drastic measures the threat of which caused the downfall of Poincaré. In Italy, the brutal assassination of Matteotti by a Fascist group which included men close to Mussolini himself, raised a storm of which the Opposition has taken skillful advantage, by withdrawing in a body from the Chamber of Deputies. In Germany the acceptance of the Dawes plan and the installation of the American Director General has for the first time since the war given the people real reason to hope that they may gain more from a policy of moderation than from the counsels of despair which are all that communists and monarchists have to offer. In Spain, the failure of Rivera in the Moroccan war is the chief cause of disaffection, though his lieutenant, the Marquis de Magaz, in an interview with the correspondent of the New York Herald-Tribune, attributes the revolt to Mohammedan and Soviet propaganda, financed in part by contributions from Catholic-haters in the United States.

THE Chamber of Commerce of the United States represents about as well as any other body the point of view of the Coolidge conservative; and a good idea of what that type of person now wants from the government may be gained by a glance at the bill of particulars which the Chamber presented at the White House the other day. It of course demands the abolition of income tax publicity. It opposes the Howell-Barkley Bill designed to do away with the Railroad Labor board. It wants all the government-owned ships to be sold to private purchasers for whatever they will bring, regardless of original cost; and it advocates a subsidy to keep them going. The Chamber approves the flexible provision of the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Law, and proposes a similar ruling in regard to immigra-

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tion. Quotas would be raised in good times when labor is scarce, and diminished in hard times when it is plentiful: a neat device to let the country cause itself as much trouble as possible, keep down wages in good times, and make sure that periods of prosperity would be brief. On the whole, this program is about what was to be expected of the Chamber of Commerce, and is considerably better than the one the National Association of Manufacturers, or Mr. William M. Butler's Massachusetts friends would ask. From the latter, of course, no such public statements may be expected. Their requests will be made on the inside, and, so far as possible, granted there.

FRANCE, Germany and Belgium are all preparing to raise their scales of tariff duties, with a view to having excesses to bargain off in the approaching negotiations for new commercial treaties. For a time the trade between the three countries will be seriously hampered by these artificial customs barriers, and it is very doubtful that the negotiated reductions will go far enough to permit a healthy flow of commerce. There is too much nonsense afloat in Europe on the dangers of foreign competition. At the present juncture it would be worth while for an international body of leading merchants to make a survey of the commercial possibilities of the next five years and of the barriers that hinder the realization of those possibilities. An organization of merchants, working in close coöperation with the international financiers, might exert a considerable influence on the European tariff situation. If every European country could be induced to cut its duties by fifty percent, the whole of Europe and every part of it would enjoy a revival of trade which would encourage production everywhere. No single country can afford to make a move in this direction, at a time of embittered national jealousies. The impetus to commercial sanity must come from outside of the governments, just as the impetus to a revision of the impossible reparations policy of the Allies had to come from outside of the governments.

WHAT is the explanation of the sharp rise in prices on the stock market and the huge volume of trading which in ten days after the election broke all records for the past twenty-three years? Probably several factors entered into it. Many persons had stayed out of the market during the month or six weeks before the election, not wishing to buy or sell until they knew the result; and these accumulated orders gave an abnormal impetus to business. Some persons bought who had been waiting to see whether the election would be thrown into the House; and probably some purchasers had really believed the propaganda of the Republican orators which said the election of La Follette would mean an economic catastrophe. Particularly important, of course, was the professional influence of traders who bought because they were convinced a bull market was coming—and thereby helped to make one. The psychological influence of the election and of the hopes built upon the prospect of class legislation favorable to wealth, may last another month or two; but thereafter, normal business causes will again come into effect. In 1920, a Republican landslide even greater than that of this year was not thirty days old when the country was plunged into one of the worst business depressions in a generation, a depression which would have been even more serious without the steadying influence of the Federal Reserve Bank machinery. Probably the incident will not be repeated in 1924; but if it is not, our escape will be due to luck, and not to politicians' intelligence.

IF anyone supposed that a sense of delicacy would restrain the Republican machine from paying off William M. Butler with a seat in the United States Senate, or would prevent his accepting it if offered, disillusionment was prompt. The death of Senator Lodge provided a fortuitous opportunity which was immediately seized. Mr. Coolidge discharges a debt to one of the most successful campaign managers in our history; Mr. Butler gets a dignified post to which he has long aspired, one which he had only a slim chance of securing through the suffrage of his fellow citizens in Masschusetts. There is no need for anyone to grow unduly doleful over the prospect. The Senate minus Lodge and plus Butler is not conspicuously worsened; and it may even be argued that it is better to have this 1924 version of Mark Hanna on plain view in the Senate where his votes will be a matter of public record than working from a back room at the White House.

THE best of all commentaries on the late election, and on every election, was written some years before Mr. Coolidge had ever been heard of in national politics. It is by Mark Twain, and appears (as part of the essay, The Character of Man) in his autobiography just published.

> We are discreet sheep [he says]; we wait to see how the drove is going, and then go with the drove. We have two opinions; one private, which we are afraid to express; and another one—the one we use—which we force ourselves to wear to please Mrs. Grundy, until habit makes us comfortable in it, and the custom of defending it presently makes us love it, adore it, and forget how pitifully we came by it. Look at it in politics. Look at the candidates whom we loathe, one year, and are afraid to vote against, the next; whom we cover with unimaginable filth, one year, and fall down on the public platform and worship, the next—and keep on doing it until the habitual shutting of our eyes to last year's evidences brings us presently to a sincere and stupid belief in this year's. Look at the tyranny of party—at what is called party allegiance, party loyalty—a snare invented by designing men for selfish purposes—and which turns voters into chat-

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tels, slaves, rabbits, and all the while their masters, and they themselves, are shouting rubbish about liberty, independence, freedom of opinion, freedom of speech, honestly unconscious of the fantastic contradiction; and forgetting or ignoring that their fathers and the churches shouted the same blasphemies earlier when they were closing their doors against the hunted slave, beating his handful of humane defenders with Bible texts and billies, and pocketing the insults and licking the shoes of his Southern master.

If we would learn what the human race really *is* at bottom, we need only observe it in election times.

THE acquittal of Representative Hill, charged with making for home use beverages with an alcohol content in excess of one-half of one percent, has given a new impetus to the "light wines and beer" movement. Constitutional prohibition does not distinguish between home brew and alcoholic beverages produced for sale. It prohibits all intoxicating liquors, under whatever system they may be produced. What percentage of alcohol makes a beverage intoxicating is not determined by the Constitution. In enacting the Volstead law Congress fixed upon one-half of one percent as the limit of toleration. Suppose it had fixed on five percent or ten: would it have been guilty of repudiating its obligations under the Constitution? Not unless such a percentage could be established as intoxicating in fact. One court at least has decided that beverages with much more than one-half percent of alcohol are not intoxicating in fact. It has taken its definition of intoxication from the every day use of language, not from refined physiological usage. The case will not be appealed to the higher courts. If it were, and the higher courts followed the same line of reasoning, the light wines and beer advocates would find the way clear to remove the ban on such beverages if they could get the support of a majority in Congress. For common sense refuses to regard as intoxicating in fact beverages which produce only a mildly exhilarating effect when consumed up to the normal limits of appetite.

THE ranks of liberal journalism have been seriously thinned by death of late. To the list which includes Frank Cobb, editor of the New York World, and H. W. Massingham, former editor of the London Nation must now be added the name of E. D. Morel, whose most recent post had been that of editor of Foreign Affairs (London). No more gallant figure graces the pages of contemporary journalistic history than his. While he was best known for his early work in exposing conditions in the Congo, his greatest service was that on which he was engaged up to the time of his death a week ago: combatting the myth that the Central Empires were alone responsible for the Great War. Probably few persons could be found who agreed with Mr. Morel in all his opinions; but no one who followed his activities could fail to be impressed by the single-minded devotion with which he sought and followed the truth as he saw it, at whatever cost to his "career" in the conventional sense in which the word is understood.

IF an American election ever bore directly upon a concrete issue the recent election has a decided bearing on income taxation. President Coolidge supported the Mellon plan more vigorously than any other measure, and his triumph may properly be regarded as a popular approval of the fiscal ideas embodied in that plan. It is no wonder that the taxpayers who would have benefitted by the reductions in the supertax are clamoring for an immediate reopening of the question. They seem to have the people on their side. But under the sacrosanct Constitution the Congress which defeated the Mellon plan remains in power until March 4, and the new Congress will not meet until December, 1925, unless assembled earlier in special session. There can be no certain relief for the super-tax payer before that time. Some hundreds of millions will be paid into the Treasury because of the lag between the expression of the people's will and its time of taking effect. On the merits of the question, we are glad to see this money collected by the Treasury and applied to the reduction of the public debt. The taxpayers are suffering no dire hardship. Nevertheless, we think that in a democracy what the people want they ought to get, and they ought to get it without absurd and useless delays. We invite the super-tax payers to join us in demanding an amendment to the Constitution which will put a Congress in power before the mandate on which it is elected has grown cold. There is no solid reason why the recently elected Congress should not be empowered to get to work by January 1.

Can There Be a New Party?

IF one begins by assuming that the attempt to found a new Progressive party is a mistake a plausible case for that position can be—and has been—based on the facts of the recent election. The opposite assumption can also be supported by various brands of reassurance drawn from the record. But at this moment Progressives need primarily neither discouragement nor encouragement based on partisanship. They need rather a candid analysis which may reveal what kind of effort, if any, will help to complete the work to which they have set their hands, and whether the chances of success are sufficient to justify that effort in the near future.

Let us first examine the margin by which reasonable hopes were disappointed on November 5. If

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La Follette had carried from six to a dozen states and had accumulated an electoral vote of fifty or more, or, failing this, if he had rolled up a popular vote outside the solid South larger than that received by Davis, there would have been little question in the mind of any informed supporter of the new movement that satisfactory progress had been made. As it was, La Follette received about 4,500,000 votes, against about 16,000,000 for Coolidge and 8,500,000 for Davis. Another million and a half votes taken from his opponents would have turned the trick. If most of them had been won in the West, and largely from the Republicans, the necessary states would have been carried. If they had been won in the East, and largely from the Democrats, the Davis popular vote would have sunk below La Follette's north of the Mason and Dixon line.

Why were these votes not won? This is the problem that demands immediate consideration, rather than the bulk of the popular majority for Coolidge. No new party with a program sufficiently challenging to justify its existence could hope at its first attempt to capture the closely herded flocks of established machines, the traditional party members who could be dislodged only by a political earthquake, the ardent beneficiaries and defenders of the existing régime, the camp followers of success whether business or political, the stupid, the unthinking, or even the slow and careful average. Habits of decades are not easily changed. But there must have been at least a million and a half other voters who were open to conversion. They might have been enlisted from the ranks of organized wage-earners alone. They might have come from the less prosperous of the farmers west of the Mississippi. Granting that many members of these classes are prey to the same political inhibitions that restrained the population in general, there probably was still a floating vote which might have been drawn from them, sufficient to accomplish the immediate Progressive purpose.

It is of course impossible to say precisely what kept these voters from La Follette. But a fairly inclusive category of causes may be drawn up. They were restrained by a desire for jobs, wages, profits, which they feared might possibly be endangered by the election of Progressives or the throwing of the choice into Congress. They were held back by an unanalyzed adherence to a political tradition which the Republican campaigners symbolized with the word Constitution. Some did not believe in the serious possibility of a new party and chose the lesser of evils. Many were attuned to the low emotional vibrations of Coolidge and the Republican idea of administration. They distrusted political government and wanted it removed as far as possible from their lives and their attention. They liked the idea of an executive who is colorless, silent, cautious, inactive, penurious. They desired such action as might be taken by the government to be in the direction of self-effacement. They were not interested in enthusiasm or large purpose in public office, no matter how salutary in object or expert in execution. In order to assess this state of mind it is only necessary to contrast the low emotional temperature of the Coolidge support—in circles apart from the Red-baiters—with that which in other eras was accorded to Roosevelt or Wilson. Many people no longer look to the government to accomplish any positive purpose. To those in such a state of mind, the scandals of the recent administration were a reason, not for voting in support of a higher governmental morality, but for voting against the extension of government. It is a state of mind characterized not by ardor or cogency or objectivity, but by vague rationalization, habitual behavior, fear and withdrawal. It falls an easy prey to alarmist rumors and meaningless platitudes.

The impact of a whirlwind Progressive campaign descending suddenly from the heavens with brilliant flashes of moral indignation was powerless to turn this cold and ebbing tide. It stirred the surface of the waters, but did not prevail against the drift. The tactics adopted by the Progressives, though in most respects the only ones within their means, were better calculated to drive forward an already swelling advance than to stem a retreat. Obviously, at some future time a turn of the tide may make such tactics effective. But obviously, also, the present need is for a force which will work in the body of the waters rather than merely on the surface.

Education, conducted between campaigns as well as during them, would furnish the habit of mind to overcome such cynicism about government and its responsibilities, and to penetrate the mental fog screens emitted in clouds during campaigns. The Progressives may exhibit the positive as well as the negative side of their purpose. They may give these purposes a more substantial content by sustained research and publicity. They may make their position on current issues known, not by bird-shot propaganda, but by continuously functioning organizations in the local political districts. They may call for more study of issues on the part of leaders, more personal persuasion on the part of local workers. There are two excellent reasons for such a course. It would, in the first place, furnish the only kind of support which in the long run can carry out a positive political program. In the second place, it would furnish the machinery which is absolutely essential to hold together a constituency and render it effective at the polls. Politics in the United States is a well established business, and a new competitor cannot hope for success unless he practises the trade.

What may be done by these slower but more sure methods has been exemplified by the British Labor party, whose leaders now say that in most cases they can carry new districts as fast as they can afford the necessary resources to organize them. It was

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exemplified, moreover, by the Progressives themselves in the recent election. If all the local districts had done as well for them as the best, there would now be no question of the successful establishment of the new party. And the best districts were so scattered, geographically and occupationally, that it is hard to account for them consistently on any other basis than the existence of an organization which had taken root. Wisconsin was ripe for the Progressive movement because La Follette and his aids by years of work had made it so. Though Magnus Johnson lost in Minnesota, his organization got out a larger vote for him than when he was elected two years ago. Cleveland, Ohio, was carried by concentrated organization and education. Districts which did extraordinarily well were to be found not only where they might be expected, but where they were most surprising—as in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, in certain wards of Philadelphia, in the home precinct of Sam Koenig, the New York Republican boss. In each case the local workers say that organization did it. And the great lack of the campaign was admitted on all sides to be lack of trained workers and of the funds to supply them with munitions. In the latter respect the unions back of the party were wofully deficient.

If the election drives home to the unions and others who supported the movement that they must build on solid foundations, and causes them to give first consideration to a sufficient budget, it will have proved a taskmaster as salutary as it was hard. Those who are deliberating whether to continue the party should weigh well, in the light of the ascertained cost in money and effort, whether the game is worth the candle. If they have a strong purpose which fits the need of the age they may hope with the right strategy to make steady gains. They can have the beginnings of a party, provided they are willing determinedly to undertake the task necessary to create it. Without such determination and intelligence, they cannot have a party—and they would not deserve it.

The International Bankers

A NEW myth is taking form in America, the myth of the International Bankers, and their mysterious and malign control of mundane affairs. The type is one with which we have been long familiar. Exactly such myths have gathered around the Interests, the Trusts, the Railroads, the Catholic Church, the Reds, Wall Street, the Jews. In all these myths there is a kernel of reality, often a very large kernel. Each one of these institutions has exerted influence upon our economic, social or political life. Such influence has often been exerted under cover. Malign or not, it has worked mysteriously in the eyes of those who are permitted to see only the effects, without the warning of causes in visible operation. Inevitably analogous effects of obscure origin are imputed to the same cause; finally all manner of heterogeneous effects that common sense would impute to other causes. Thus we have Henry Ford firmly believing that the Jews set Bolshevism loose upon the world, in spite of the fact that of all ethnic groups the Jews have the most reason to support the institutions of capitalism. Henry Ford also believes that La Follette's opposition to the project of presenting Muscle Shoals and a hundred years' control of electric power for the whole industrial South to a single fallible mortal originated in the machinations of Wall Street. This shows what a myth does to American sanity when it runs to seed.

The international bankers are a myth in the early stages of growth. This myth has not driven many level headed people crazy, as yet. Sooner or later it will do exactly this, unless both the institution and its ways of operating are subjected to naturalistic interpretation. Unless we try to form an exact idea as to what the international bankers actually do in a given situation where they must be operating, we shall presently be imputing to them half the catastrophes that are really due to quite other causes, causes that might be within our control if we were not baying down a wrong scent. We are all pretty certain that the international bankers had a lot to do with shaping the character of the Dawes report, and with forcing the adoption of the Dawes plan by the Allied powers and Germany. What were the motives of the international bankers? What leverage did they exert?

The international bankers are human, like the rest of us, and would no doubt do humanity a good turn when they can afford it. No doubt they prefer peace to war, order to chaos, prosperity to famine. But we may leave all disinterested motives out of the reckoning because the international bankers had plenty of interested motives to impel them to intervene in the European tangle of the last spring and summer. It was already plain a year ago that Europe was moving rapidly toward a crash. The mark had collapsed, and the franc was threatening to follow it into the abyss. The lira would not have held up long, still less would the currencies of Poland and the Balkan states. The pound sterling would not have escaped the influence of such a general calamity; its depreciation would have been limited, but sufficient to produce great business uncertainty. The dollar would have held its own, but American trade and business would nevertheless have felt the repercussion of the crisis. We might easily have entered upon a period of prolonged depression, extending throughout the world. Every security value no matter how sound would have depreciated. Such an economic crisis might readily have been followed by widespread political disturbances which in turn would have deepened and prolonged the depression. The international bankers could not have remained indifferent to such a prospect. It menaced them in their property and

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it menaced them in their profits as well.

They had sufficient motive to act. What leverage was in their hands? First of all, the precarious financial position of France. A spendthrift policy, arising out of insensate imperial ambitions, had brought France to the verge of monetary collapse. Poincaré could count on the French people to support him in his measures of violence against Germany. Most of his support was certain, however, to evaporate if the franc dropped toward zero, and this it was bound to do unless the international bankers came to his aid. They were in a position to make terms—discreetly and within limits. This we may be pretty sure they did. When the House of Morgan came to the rescue of the franc, Poincaré, we surmise, had agreed to accept the essential principles of the Dawes report, as well as a revision of French fiscal policy in the direction of economy. We surmise, too, that the leaders of every group who might be raised to power in the elections were also committed. Also the Germans, who were at the point of a terrible economic crisis, were probably committed pretty thoroughly before the Dawes report was even made public. The negotiations between the statesmen at London, while no doubt modifying unessential details, must have been little more than an official validation of the informal agreements between the governments and the international bankers. MacDonald and Herriot received full credit for the achievement of a settlement. The bankers claimed no credit. They needed none, having exhibited no faces and therefore having none to save.

Their strategy was simple. A part of the settlement involved a loan, since then successfully floated. Let us say the statesmen appeared to have agreed on some point of policy, such as sanctions. All the bankers had to do was to say that in their opinion the loan would not float unless this point of policy was mended. And thereupon it was mended. The strength of the bankers' position lay in the fact that they attached all their suggestions to the forces of the money market, forces superior to the control of either the negotiating governments or themselves. In the present state of Europe the mechanical control exerted by the money market is obviously more humane, more intelligent and more vigorous than any control that could be patched together by weak, suspicious and hate-cherishing statesmen. The intervention of the international bankers in this instance was all to the good. The principal criticism that may be leveled against it is that it did not go far enough. The international bankers must have known that the Dawes settlement, as it stands, does not adequately insure the peace of Europe. Its demands on Germany are excessive. It offers her no hope of ever working herself free. The opinion still prevails among all classes of Germans that the more assiduously they labor the heavier their fetters will grow. And so long as this opinion is unshaken German investments will remain a poor risk. So also will French and Belgian investments; nor will the British financial structure stand as firm as the international bankers must desire. Manifestly they were too timid to make the most of their power of control. A bolder financial statecraft would have let the franc have another jolt or two, in the interest of the superior stability that would have followed upon more substantial concessions from the statesmen.

If the European economic system is to be rehabilitated without a long and painful process of recuperation, something will have to be done to supply the industrial nations, especially Germany, with working capital. For this work the services of the international bankers will naturally be enlisted. Again they will be in a position to make terms. These will have to do with the domestic policies of the countries needing international financial assistance. Here the points of chief interest will be taxation and labor policy. The German industrialists, like industrialists the world over, are seeking to roll upon the shoulders of labor whatever fiscal burdens the government imposes on them. This can not well be effected by cutting wages, since wages are already too low for full efficiency. But the working day can be lengthened. And if in the struggle with labor the employers are able to enlist the sympathies of international finance labor may easily be reduced to subjection, for the time.

The international bankers may become a dangerous instrument for the exploitation of the workers. If they are sufficiently farsighted, to be sure, they will not permit themselves to be used in this way. The social movement in Europe is too powerful to be held down indefinitely. The international financial interest will not be well served in the long run by a policy which increases profits for a time but tends to bring on an explosion. International finance ought to curb the zeal of the German employer to extract from the worker more than the worker can bear, just as it worked to curb the zeal of the victors to extract from the vanquished more than could be borne. But are the international financiers sufficiently broad minded to realize the importance of acting for moderation in the industrial struggle? We confess to grave misgivings on this point.

There can be no doubt that the activities of the international bankers will be greatly extended in the next decade. Whether for good or evil remains to be seen. Of this we may be certain: Unless the power of the international bankers is used with neutrality and circumspection, a colossal demonologic myth will gather around them. The slave-driving employer will load his sins upon the international banker; the politician who seeks to tax the poor and relieve the rich will justify himself on the ground of force majeure, exerted by international finance. And the time will come when international finance will have to reckon with mighty forces gathering for its destruction.

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The Geographical Eclipse

> The entire episode is perhaps chiefly significant as showing how—under a form of government not peculiar to Clark—the policy of an institution may be abruptly revolutionized by a very few men not of the teaching profession, the faculty, as well as the alumni, being treated as a body having no concern in the matter.
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> From the conclusion of the Committee of Inquiry.

PRESIDENT ATWOOD of Clark University is chiefly notorious for his conduct upon the evening of March 14, 1922. The Liberal Club, a local organization of students, had arranged for a lecture by Scott Nearing on The Control of Public Opinion. The president had given his consent. Later he arranged a geography lecture for the same evening. When the fateful moment arrived Nearing commenced his talk to an audience of three hundred or more. He had been speaking more than an hour when Dr. Atwood, returning from the sparsely attended geography lecture, entered the hall and took a seat. A few minutes' listening to the familiar tirade about the vested interests and the higher learning completely destroyed the geographical administrator's equanimity. He peremptorily ordered the student chairman to interrupt the speaker; he himself arose in his place and in thunderous tones announced that the lecture was at an end; and when the dismayed audience failed to step lively he had the janitor turn out the lights.

This incident has reverberated round the world; but in the conduct of President Atwood it is nevertheless essentially trivial. The enterprise in which he has been engaged is one of much more considerable proportions. It involves nothing less than the eclipse of Clark University. Naturally enough, the American Association of University Professors has taken an interest in the case. But so extensive have been the operations of the new president that the investigation could not possibly be limited to problems of tenure and academic freedom, as all previous inquiries have been, but had perforce to survey all the acts of a university administration. The present committee represents not "Committee A" (on academic freedom and academic tenure) but the Executive Committee of the Association. Through it the A. A. U. P. has undertaken, for the first time in its existence, a complete overhauling. The result * is the most astounding revelation of academic thuggery which has ever been made.

When Dr. Atwood entered upon the scene, at the beginning of the academic year 1920-21, the university was in financial straits (what institution was not?) but otherwise in excellent condition. For the thirty years of its existence it had been conducted by G. Stanley Hall. His policy had been to maintain upon a limited endowment the very highest quality of work in a few departments, in particular his own department of psychology, and of his preëminent success in this ambition no question has been raised. He retired quite peacefully because he was an old man who needed rest, leaving the trustees to select a fitting successor.

Justice requires that the trustees be credited with making at least a half-hearted attempt to secure a distinguished psychologist for the post. The report shows that they bungled the job; but they did make some sort of attempt. That failing, they were adrift. Now the president of the board, Dr. H. C. Thurber, was an editorial member of the house of Ginn and Company. He was naturally acquainted with Dr. W. W. Atwood, then a professor at Harvard, author of the Frye-Atwood school geographies of which Ginn and Company have sold a very large number of copies. The idea was therefore conceived of bringing Atwood to Clark to develop a school of geography which might be unique in the country and, conceivably, as distinguished as G. Stanley Hall's department of psychology. The committee of inquiry cast no aspersions on this ideal, in abstracto. But they have found the manner of its adoption worthy of very special attention.

The peculiarity of Clark is that it has been a fragment of a university functioning separately and enjoying remarkable health, all things considered. Instead of campaigning for funds and promoting growth President Hall built a few excellent departments on an original bequest and left expansion to other institutions. This anomalous situation put the departments involved in a peculiar and delicate position. In a great university no department head need worry about the continuation of his work. At Clark, however, there were plenty of interstices into which a department might be tumbled by a slight shift of the centre of gravity. Early in the development of the university, therefore, an agreement was reached and recorded in a by-law that this should never happen. But here is the very centre of President Atwood's policy: he has done "nothing else but!"

Into this partial university, "committed more explicitly than most institutions to the general principle of continuity of development" the geographical program was accordingly introduced. The change "was not, in reality, much less revolutionary than would be a plan for converting a medical school of thirty years' standing into a school of chemistry. It involved the sacrifice of the greater part of the assets already gained in the form of distinctive reputation, alumni loyalty and support, and specialized library and laboratory equipment. It was contrary to one of the most fundamental, char-

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* Published in the October Bulletin of the American Association of University Professors, obtainable for thirty-five cents from the secretary, Professor H. W. Tyler, 222 Charles River Road, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

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acteristic, and frequently announced principles of the University's previous policy."

But even so the change might have been made successfully. President Atwood chose to make it by dictatorial pronouncement. Upon the understanding which apparently existed between him and the trustees, the faculty, the men whose work was thus manipulated out of existence, were never consulted. Gradually they became aware of the significance of the new policy. President Atwood has attempted to defend himself before the committee by showing that the large appropriations for geography were saved out of administrative economies—a sheer equivocation, as the committee shows with unanswerable figures. Obviously existing departments were marked down for annihilation. Six out of eight, including psychology, have actually been discontinued as graduate departments. This, and not the Nearing episode, is the reason one meets distinguished émigrés from Clark in various other universities today. This is the real cause of the manifestos of the alumni. As the report puts it, "Anything more effective than this combination for destroying the morale of any body of men it would be difficult to find."

The whole story is much too complicated for recapitulation, which is a pity, as every detail has its own choice flavor. For instance, having antagonized the students by the Nearing episode, President Atwood proceeded to corrupt them after the good old Roman-American fashion with the gladiatorial combats of inter-collegiate athletics. But a summary must suffice. By the time of the famous episode the faculty, already badly shaken, was preparing a memorandum demanding of the president a clear and detailed statement of his intentions. Simultaneously the student body exploded. Thereafter it is difficult to regard President Atwood as wholly sane. He followed up his mad outburst in the lecture hall with still madder mumblings about Bolshevism in the colleges. He pursued resigning professors with public attacks such as the one headed "Boring and Pratt Not Wanted, Says Atwood. Neither Would Have Received Reappointment." Of a prospective appointee to a deanship he demanded full written approval of his conduct toward Nearing and not getting it, dropped the appointment. And for all his fury even geography fails to thrive. At the close of the last academic year "the general situation with respect to graduate student attendance is considerably worse than that of 1920, which Dr. Sanford (Hall's second in command) characterized as desperate." Of this attendance geography accounts for eight percent.

The conclusion is obvious. It is stated at the head of this editorial in the words of Professor Lovejoy's committee. There is no reason for supposing that the work of Clark University may not be reestablished at some future date. But for the present it is on the casualty list, its wounds a precise gauge of the educational wisdom of nine lay trustees and the executive skill of Dr. W. W. Atwood. The report has also another moral. The completeness, the crushing effectiveness, of this first general investigation of an entire administrative policy is a greater credit to the University Professors than any possible defense of the sanctity of professors' rights. Here, if ever, the Association has got to the bottom of the difficulty.

Laughing It Off

IN the days when the Japanese David laid the Russian Goliath low the whole western world found an absorbing subject for study and discussion in Japanese traits. The intelligence of the Japanese, their adaptability, their capacity for farsighted planning and patient execution, their patriotism and heroism were enthusiastically celebrated. But the trait that inspired most admiration—and fear—was their disposition to turn a smiling face to disaster. In the attack on Port Arthur a contingent of soldiers found themselves suddenly stripped of the artillery fire that had kept the Russian gunners from sweeping them off the naked slope they were ascending. Something had gone wrong and they were doomed to death. As it turned out, one man survived, an English soldier of fortune, who reported that when the Japanese saw death bearing down upon them, they all smiled. Hospital attachés reported that the Japanese wounded, when told that serious amputations would be necessary, smiled. A Japanese gambler smiles when he loses his stakes; a Japanese merchant smiles when his business house goes to smash. It is said that after the recent destruction of Yokohama and Tokio by earthquake and fire the packed masses of refugees were all smiles.

Thus do the Japanese, as outsiders see them, meet their losses. If we Americans could look at ourselves with outsiders' eyes, we should discover a similar trait. A large proportion of us meet our losses with laughter. In the West, where ups and downs of fortune survive the levelling tendencies of capital and vested interests, the man who has made three fortunes and lost them is still to be found. If a loss is recent, he is pretty certain to interrupt his account of it with frequent bursts of laughter. What holds true of bigger issues holds of smaller ones. The poker player who stakes all his available cash on a card and loses, seasons his curses with laughing. The man who runs for sheriff and is snowed under in the elections laughs.

Anyone who passed the evening of the late election in the company of ardent Progressives will bear testimony to the "good humor" with which they received radio announcements like this: "Complete returns from New Stotzenburg: Coolidge, 239; Davis, 17; La Follette, 1." They laughed, and each new item of disaster made them laugh harder. Because they expected later returns to put a better face on affairs? No: there was no mistaking the

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trend of events. Because they considered the outcome of the election as of no especial importance, since they could not have expected to elect La Follette? No: they regarded the difference between four million Progressive votes and eight million as a difference in kind, not in degree. Eight million would have assured the launching of a progressive party; four million, so it seemed on election night, would be likely to evaporate. It was the perceived magnitude of the disaster that made the typically American Progressive laugh.

It is a national trait, not yet universalized, like the Japanese smile, but on its way toward becoming universal. Sometimes it is set down to hysteria, but this appears to be a misinterpretation. The laughter of hysteria is at the borderline of tears. If it is not followed by tears, nevertheless it leaves behind it a miserable sense of depression, of nervelessness. The man who laughs at his loss is dry-eyed. And after his mirth is over he feels chastened, but invigorated. There is nothing abnormal in such laughter. It is like any other in its effects, and presumably in its psychologic basis.

The question why men laugh at all has been voluminously discussed by philosophers and psychologists, without the establishment of results transcending common sense. We laugh at whatever is strikingly incongruous. And one of the funniest incongruities is the disparity between what a man forecasts, in his pride, and what reveals itself as fated. Here is a young beau, ringing his flame's doorbell, a vast bouquet in his hand, his heart swelling with a sense of his irresistible manliness. He rings in vain, for the fact is, the girl for whom he is preening himself is at this moment seated in thrilling contentment on his rival's knee. A low subject for laughter, to be sure; but most of us would laugh, if we could perceive, in the same instant, the fatuous expectation and the incongruent reality.

One sets out on a course of speculation. The shares in the Six Rivers Trading Corporation are low; one buys a few outright. They rise; one buys more; the shares go higher, one buys on a safe margin; still higher, one narrows his margin and lengthens the leverage for gains. Paper profits accumulate; already one finds himself comfortably rich and in his intervals of excitement over the ticker he dreams out glorious ways of laying out his wealth. And then some morning he wakes up to find that the market has broken. It was fated that the bubble would burst. Between the fond dream and the flat reality there is an incongruity that would excite laughter among neutral outsiders. It usually makes the victim laugh hardest of all, though somewhat wrily.

We Progressives expected more from the last election. We had counted too many chickens before they hatched; immense settings of labor union eggs, for example, that we now realize were sterile or spoiled. We marched fatuously up to the house of Fate and rang the bell. What jumped out at us was too much for our composure. We laughed.

The disparity between anticipation and the executed fact has always attended the life of man. It has not always excited laughter. In a religious age it was not felt as an incongruity, but as a judgment of the higher powers. "Man proposes: God disposes." For those who believed in the arbitrary intervention of the higher powers no undertaking was doomed in advance of the critical moment. Providence could intervene on one side or the other. The mood appropriate to defeat was despair or resignation. "The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Today no one believes in the direct intervention of Providence in the affairs of daily life. No one believed that at the last moment Providence might intervene to beat Coolidge. In the place of Providence we have put a conception very like Fate. When the polls opened, and even weeks before, the outcome of the election had already been decided. Before you committed yourself for a rise in stocks, or bet on a horse race it was already determined that after a rise the market was to break and that after a show of strength your horse was to be nosed out at the goal. The winner was really betting on a sure thing; the loser never had a real chance at all, but only a chance created by his own ignorance.

Americans of the W. J. Bryan type will deplore this new fashion of laughing at losses. They will deem it irreligious. They are right, in an old fashioned sense. Such laughter implies fatalistic assumptions that are not compatible with the belief in an arbitrary and benevolent Providence. Exactly the same assumptions are implied in the Japanese smile. On these assumptions Americans and Japanese alike meet fate more gallantly. They conduct their undertakings with more shrewdness and resolution, because of the chastening of laughter. But the virtuous emotion of resignation does not thrive under the new dispensation. We Progressives are not resigned. Fate struck us hard; we have taken our loss, and are morally prepared for the next encounter.

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The Sense of Humor in Women

ABOUT twenty-five years ago, in one of the little lost towns that skirt the great Sierra fault, there lived a man to whose genius for impossible anecdote one had only to refer in the company of nice men, such as one's own husband, to draw deep brackets of reminiscent delight in blushing jowls, and throaty quavers into voices that carefully shifted the conversation to matter less perilous. There was a particular gem of his collection known as the story of Tompkins's goat, which to be privileged to hear was, for a new comer in the community, equivalent to the Keys of the City. On such occasions gusts of Homeric laughter issued at intervals from behind the thin boards of Tompkins's shack, and respectable family men as they sneaked shamefacedly to their beds at inexcusable hours, could be heard by indulgent spouses chuckling at intervals all the way to oblivion.

Up to the time of which I write no woman had been permitted to hear the story of Tompkins's goat, but by the superior claim of a professional interest in story telling, and by the connivance of sundry wives of the most persuadable husbands, and a subsequent comparison of results, a reliable version of the priceless anecdote was finally elucidated. And as it turned out, the funniest thing about it was that *it was not in the least funny!* Cleverly invented, to be sure, and by a swift, unexpected application of blistering indecency, eliciting the start of surprise which is one of the recognized concomitants of humor; but to women never funny at all. Oh, well, *men!* we said, with a proper feminine contempt for the masculine limitation, and there it rested.

Late that summer, however, we had all gone into mountain camp at Flowery Meadows, and several husbands coming up for the week end, brought Tompkins with them for a bout of story telling. After supper they made a separate fire between great shafts of silver fir, leading the eye upward into illimitable dark, while behind them the lake, reflecting glassily the hollow sphere of cloud and stars, held them as upon the verge of space. Presently as Tompkins rose to the demand, roar upon roar of warm, loosening laughter reached the women in their tents. . . . "Oh, those *men!* . . . did you *ever* in your life *hear* anything. . . .!"

But what I had heard suddenly, was the gorgeous pagan quality of that delight . . . and the way in which, in the utter absence of the underthought of life criticism which is always to be caught in civilized humor, the laughter toned with the noise of the stream falling into the lake and the wind haunting the peaks above the timber line . . . laughter detached from any consequence . . . the laughter of the elder gods. Intuition flashed in its wake like the flash of one of those magic swords of which you only realized that it had passed through you when you shook yourself. It was not Tompkins's goat they laughed at, our good husbands. That or any other version of the greatest joke in the world would have served as well, for the perennial wellspring of all such laughter is the joke the gods played upon man when they secretly tied the string of responsibility to the joyous play of procreation. How they baited the trap for him! how made to seem the most personal expression of himself what was the surest expression of their will for him; the crowning act of his volition become the seal of his subjection to the race, to society, to the future! And at the last moment the gods decided to let man in on the joke, knowing that otherwise he wouldn't have been able to bear it. He laughed, and so put himself on the side of the angels.

Perhaps I shouldn't have been able to write that last sentence, if I hadn't been recently to see What Price Glory, perhaps never have undertaken to record what is so difficult to convey in any case, a moment of pure intuition. But it was there again, along about the middle of the second act of what is probably the most universally experienceable play since the Medea of Euripides, touching with faint limnings of tenderness the dark outlines of blood and dust and horror. Like backward glancing reflections of the Grail, lost, how long ago out of our own religion, it broadened into a perception which, to be so perfectly produced, must have been shared equally by the authors and the actors, of beauty, oh, of the most surpassing quality, pure Hellenic beauty of man not separable from the divinity within himself. By the middle of the third act, it had reached back, as I suppose it is part of the charm of war for men that it does so reach, to a pure pagan interval in which the god within man came forth as Dionysius.

This was in the drinking scene, in which Boyd and Wolheim touch so high a mark that it is probably immaterial to their fame as players whether they ever do anything else; which may or may not be material to the sense the scene affords of man—the male of the human species—as a sport, thrown off from the main stem of creation, and more or less obliged to find his way back to divinity by stripping himself of his masks of manners and social form. From the very opening movement of the play, the essentially decent young corporals may be seen throwing away their niceties, under this characteristically male necessity of meeting God standing, in swear-words and conventional obscenities, under precisely the same impulse by which Captain Flagg, in the bombarded cellar, throws away his prerogative of being addressed as Sir. And the point of these assembled incidents is that they mark the point of departure for the modern distinction in the scope

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and quality of the appreciation of humor in men and in women.

So far as my acquaintance with primitives, which, on the scale of European civilization, measures back to the age called neolithic, throws any light on the original distinctions of humor in men and in women, it lies in the slower response of woman to the humor of surprise, the swift drop of expectation to artfully contrasted levels of fulfillment. This is possibly biological, originating in the need of women to keep still and hold steady; while for man, the hunter, exists the need of preparation to meet the unexpected at every turn. The masculine predilection for this type of humor and man's superior skill at it, might easily arise out of the instinct to rehearse himself against all possible swift turns of his adversary or the quarry, as children to this day rehearse themselves in the once indispensible impulse of fear by pretending to a bogey man in the coal hole. At any rate I find this distinction already established in the age of grass thatched huts, long before it has been conceded that the joke of the experience that makes man feel most the master of the situation when he is in fact most at the service of the Ancient Will, is a matter to be laughed at by men, but not in the presence of women. Very early there begins to be a distinction between laughing at the dilemma of sex as a general human predicament and not laughing at it as the personal experience of a woman. For within that experience, for women, lurk the shadows of pain and death, and the symbol of life compelling power; and with the first, faint showing forth of shadow and symbol, begins the still unforgivable offense of man in being jocular about that particular experience in its personal implications.

There are other reasons why the bawdy joke became, and must always remain, tabco in the presence of the better sort of women; social reasons, such as the need in a progressing acculturation, of keeping the young unawakened, and so deferring mating; psychological reasons which have to do with the repatterning of the neuroses of the woman by the double experience of mating and maternity, making it important to the success of monogamous marriage that the patterning should occur under the best auspices. Reasons such as these were empirically arrived at much earlier by some tribes than is popularly supposed, along with social inventions accumulating to the complete inhibition of the disposition of women to laugh at all at the procreative joke. But that the point of departure which makes the story of Tompkins's goat a mere gratuitous indecency to the wives of men who find it food for laughter, is not any failure in woman's original capacity for humorous appreciation of human experience, any one may discover who will spend a few hours in a New Mexico pueblo at the end of the day of one of their sacred dance-dramas. Then the Koshare, the Delight Makers, relax from their function as impersonators of the spirits of the ancestors, to correct with whips of laughter, the foibles of the village. You will not know what they say, and only faintly guess from their antics the prevailing themes, but you will know when the ancientest joke is uncovered by the throaty turn of the laughter and the way the women slap their thighs as they escape for the moment from the shadow of that adventure in which the adventurer prides himself most as he looses most completely.

And this brings us back to the war play, and a reason too often overlooked, why women left off laughing at certain sorts of jokes, left off making them. It was because of their early discovery that the joke is, after all, on man; and it is part of the sporting code of life that a man may not be laughed at by his women. And this was the joke of the last act of What Price Glory—What price the pride of man?—that when Quirt and Flagg had dared death and the Army Regulations in the struggle to possess a particular woman, the huzzy bided her time and bestowed herself on the man with the larger pay, the "best provider." It really makes very little difference in what terms of spread plumes or tossing antlers the game is staged, the dice are cogged by the high utilitarianism of the woman's obligation. And it is not cricket to laugh at the foreordained looser. There was not a woman in the audience who did not know where the joke lay in the third act; but notice that none of them laughed.

It is the mistake men have always made about the sense of humor in women, that they undertake to predicate it by the things women laugh at. But the taboos are too old and too many; the only safe rule is to try and discover what they laugh, and make others to laugh, about.

The element of corrective criticism informing humorous observation upon life, is, no doubt, responsible for the chief inhibition against exhibitions of it in women. The inhibition has grown with the growing competition of civil life, and man's mounting need to find in the mother-wife, the relief of uncritical response. That the capacity for comparative ridicule has suffered little by long suppression, is evident from the swift rise of comedy among women writers, as the inhibition is lifted by the broadening of man's capacity to take himself humorously. One sees the spirit of funmaking peeping demurely out from the work of Jane Austen, in whose day it was customary to present young ladies with books on the art of polite conversation, in which it was advised that though the lady was privileged to introduce topics of genteel consideration, she should never presume to deliver judgment, since—I quote from one at hand—"the gentleman will tell the lady what to think." One wonders, indeed, if certain masculine foibles do not owe their continuance chiefly to the social inhibition against their being made fun of by the opposite sex. Certainly, middle aged romanticism, which, as exhibited by women, has been fair game for men humorists, would never have won the sanction it has obtained

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among men, as exhibited by themselves, had it been subject to such open hunting as Mr. Wells the other day allowed to the lady in Tono Bungay, whose strictures against her husband's extra-marital dallyings were based upon the figure he cut, "makin' love, and him wearing abdominal belts!" Or to Miss Sinclair's sly chuckles over the magenta streaked pajamas of Mr. Waddington of Wyck. Not Harry Leon Wilson could have made better work than Corra Harris did of the town drunkard, who, being plucked from the gutter by a passing friend and put to bed in the "bridal suite" of the local hotel, is caught the next morning crawling out of the window to escape the "bride" projected by a highly alchoholized imagination, into the situation in which he finds himself. That women's comedies will rank with men's in range as well as in the element of social correction, the moment women have leave and acceptance in that field, there is no reason to doubt. Only women whose work on its way to the public has to pass through the hands of men, realize to what extent the ancient taboo against women laughing at men, is still in force. It can get by in fiction and in drama, in which a hypothetical, specially provided individual man is the butt of the joke, but in the form of a critically humorous treatment of politics, or of political figures, not at all. If a really powerful cartoonist should arise among women, it is quite certain that she would have to sell her work over a man's name. And that is perhaps why no distinguished woman humorist has yet adopted the cartoon as her medium, since there seems no lack of the distinguished quality of observation, as, for instance, in A Cure of Souls, penetrating, ruthless and aloof, as a cartoon should be.

Wit and gaiety of mind have always been conceded to women, within the conventional scope. There is no way of dealing with these things statistically, but from observation I should be inclined to name woman as the wittier sex, the aptest in repartee; if only women would gather up their wit and preserve it in print instead of sowing it broadcast among their families and friends, or stepping it down to the delight of little children. Imitation and farcical suggestion of folly have, on the stage, been judged women's proper forte. Marie Dressler is a notable caricaturist of her sex, in the round; Mrs. Fiske an acute and witty critic of it. Yvette Guilbert is a critic de la race; hers the subtle art of constituting her humorous versions of women a twinkling exposition of the foibles of men. In her distinction between a young woman who is drunk and an old woman who is a drunkard, there was almost the Homeric quality of the drinking scene in What Price Glory—where it fell short was not in art, but in the fact that the god Dionysius remains, at the last, a complete male evocation. Madam Guilbert knew how to be amusingly vulgar and remain profoundly feminine; but no woman yet has succeeded in seeming both vulgar and divine. Not, at least, to other women.

Here we touch a fundamental limitation; for does not woman's significance as woman depend on her intrinsic intimacy with the creative powers of the universe? At the end of an exceedingly short, and firmly grasped tether she may be witty and gay and daring or drastically absurd; an instant beyond the tether she becomes abominable, lost. But man, the male, by the adventitious character of his appearance in the evolutionary sequence, finds a measure of detachment to be his native state—born lost, and forever casting off his successive dramatizations of his condition in the process of finding himself. This, if true, would explain why man and not woman has touched the highest mark of whimsey in humor. For in this field no inhibition has operated, and in the special province of the child mind, toward which woman has always prided herself on a superior understanding, she should have found a superior quality of release. But it remains an outstanding fact that no woman has ever created anything worth mention in the immortal company of Don Quixote, Alice in Wonderland, Peter Pan and Krazy Kat; little brothers and sisters of the great god Dionysius. They come down to us, these immortal wanderers of the realm of phantasy, from the youth of the world. For what is Krazy Kat but Bre'r Rabbit, who is the ancient, aboriginal Grandfather Coyote, who while the creator of Krazy Kat slept under the shadow of the Enchanted Mesa, crept into the corner of his mind as later he was to creep into the corner of the comic strip, and thence to the middle of the drawing, and yet somehow never into the woman mind.

Woman is perhaps too much at home in the universe to be humorous about it in precisely the fashion of that congenital hobo, the man-soul. She adores Peter Pan when she finds him, but her very next impulse is to set at once about bringing him up properly to "make some woman happy" as a "good provider." It is a rare woman indeed who has man's intuitive sense that he himself, in respect to the universe, never will grow up, and to be able to see that as something to be exquisitely amusing about. The most we can hope for is that some day she will arrive at being humorous enough in respect to her own business of regularizing that universe, to be willing to laugh, without any undercurrent of a determination to teach him better, with and about this bemused but glorious, undefeatable tilter at windmills.

That with intelligent release from the relentless function of child-bearing women will take a more reasonable attitude, one less charged with resentment, toward man's incurable jocularity about sex, is probable. It is hardly in the cards that she will ever share it, for as maternity becomes wholly voluntary it gathers to itself associations of solemnity wholly unprecedented, and as the shadow passes from the act of procreation, the symbol more and more emerges. It is much more likely that man's need of taking sex humorously in order not to feel

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himself defeated by it, will abate as the risks of such defeat grow less, and the story of Tompkins's goat will go the way of the sly cannibalistic thrust which is still discoverable in the older European folk-tales. We have to remember in this connection that making jokes about being eaten was one of the ways man braved himself against and so mitigated the danger of that particular risk. What it all simmers down to, this distinction of humor in men and women, is that women are more likely to be humorous about what they love, since it is all they can afford, and men about what they fear, as being the one thing they cannot afford not to laugh at.

MARY AUSTIN.

Election Results in the Northwest

HOW did the Coolidge landslide affect the Northwest organized Farmer-Labor movement? Did it give this movement a serious setback? Is its existence threatened?

These questions will undoubtedly occur to thousands of Progressives throughout the country.

The Northwest Farmer-Labor movement is unique in that it repeats the results of years of organized effort among the farmers, trade unions and progressive intellectuals to break away a substantial number of citizens from the Republican and Democratic parties by a process of political and economic education.

Up until the time of the Coolidge landslide this process leading toward a new political alignment over economic rather than purely political issues had broken the old political party bonds of approximately one-half of the active voters of Minnesota and North Dakota, about thirty percent in South Dakota, Montana and Washington and a substantial proportion of the citizenry in Nebraska, Oklahoma, Colorado and Idaho.

It seemed on the high road to the goal of its founders—a nation-wide third party of sufficient strength to force all opposition to it into one camp thus bringing again the two-party system, but along the natural lines of a division between real progressives and real conservatives—between those who want an economic readjustment and those who do not want it.

The Coolidge landslide is the first real test of the merits of the plan to create a new political party and a new political alignment by organized educational effort. It hit this structure of new political consciousness at a time when it seemed at last primed and set for a series of state victories. By the utmost stretch of imagination the Northwest progressive could not have foreseen the thing that occurred.

Has organized political education of the masses through the means of extensive publications, and intensive organization and propaganda, such as the Farmers' and Labor's Nonpartisan League started and the Farmer-Labor party continued in the Northwest failed?

This question can be answered only by an analysis of the actual results as recorded on November 4.

In North Dakota, the birthplace of the Northwest political movement, where the political pendulum has been wavering for several years on the line of even balance between the forces of progress and reaction, the new movement held its own in the face of the most tremendous assault of the opposition in its history. La Follette received 88,000 votes to 93,000 for Coolidge. Sorlie, Progressive candidate for governor, won. The Farmer-Labor majority in the lower house of the legislature was increased from one to eleven. The adverse majority against the Farmer-Labor forces in the state senate was barely overcome. Some of the Progressive state candidates and one congressman were elected.

In South Dakota, Montana and Washington the La Follette vote was distinctly larger than the highest previous Progressive or Farmer-Labor vote in these states. It represents from one-third to two-fifths of the total vote in these states. It is far larger proportionately and represents something very different from the La Follette industrial labor vote in the great states of the East and Middle West born suddenly out of the recent campaign.

To ascertain just what happened in the Northwest one should analyze the result in Minnesota. Minnesota affords the most perfect example of the creation of a new party by organized educational methods. It affords a more perfect example of political coöperation by the two principal divisions of the primary producers than the other states. It represents a further push in the direction of the third party and the new political alignment. It represents a movement that had won to its standard forty-seven percent of the citizens who are in the habit of voting. Its greater maturity coupled with its sharp reverse at the very moment of almost assured victory brings into distinct relief the facts in the present situation.

Two years ago the vote for the Farmer-Labor candidate for governor, Magnus Johnson, was 295,479; for Preus, the Republican candidate for governor, 309,758; for Indrehus, the Democratic candidate for governor, 79,903. The combined vote for governor was 685,140. The average vote cast for all candidates was about 670,000.

In the recent election the vote for governor was Christianson, Republican, about 400,000; Olson, Farmer-Labor, about 365,000. Magnus Johnson, this time running for the U. S. Senate, received

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about 375,000 votes. Schall, his opponent, received nearly 385,000. The vote for the Democratic candidates is about 50,000. The total vote cast was better than 800,000.

In every case there has been a notable gain in the votes for the Farmer-Labor state candidates, but there has been a much greater gain in the vote for the Republican candidate. The Farmer-Labor gain will average at least 75,000. But the Republican gain will average at least 100,000.

This is what happened: approximately the same men and women who voted Farmer-Labor in 1922 voted it in 1924. From 130,000 to 140,000 citizens who did not vote in 1922 voted in 1924. From 30,000 to 40,000 Democrats deserted their party. This vote was divided unevenly between the Republicans and Farmer-Laborites, the Republicans getting the lion's share.

How the Republicans managed to get the greater share of these votes contributed by the stay-at-homes and Democrats is known only too well by the active leaders in the Farmer-Labor campaign. In a year notorious for general apathy of all political elements the Republicans, almost entirely by mechanical and artificial means, put over a coup in the shape of the biggest vote in the history of Minnesota. The largest previous vote, incidental to the Harding landslide of 1920, was 797,000. The vote in Minnesota this year was in excess of 820,000.

Minneapolis, the stronghold of reaction in Minnesota, furnishes the classical example of how this was done. It was achieved by the most thorough organization of ward and precinct workers and the most thorough use of women's clubs for the purpose of getting the voter registered and voted in the history of this state.

The vote in Minneapolis increased from 117,000 in 1922 to about 150,000 in 1924. The Democratic vote declined from approximately 13,000 to about 7,000. Of these 39,000 votes, thus accounted for, the Republicans absorbed 33,000 and the Farmer-Labor party about 6,000. This 6,000 Farmer-Labor gain was distributed throughout the seven labor wards and six conservative wards of the city. In no ward was there an actual decline in Farmer-Labor votes. The heaviest progressive gains were in the conservative wards indicating an increasing interest in the Progressive cause among professionals and intellectuals.

The much larger conservative gain was distributed throughout all the wards, but was particularly heavy in the conservative wards. The eighth and thirteenth wards of Minneapolis constitute the veritable citadel of reaction in Minnesota. The conservative vote jumped in these wards from 25,000 in 1922 to more than 36,000 in 1924. Without this gain in these two city wards Magnus Johnson would have been returned to the United States Senate. Without the Republican gain artificially created by a mechanical process in Minneapolis and the county in which it is located, Floyd Olson would now be governor-elect of Minnesota.

The same thing happened in Minnesota that happened in the recent British election. The inactive citizen who does not habitually vote, and who, because he does not habitually vote, is not interested in politics and is not a progressive, was goaded to the polls by organization and stampede methods. The Republicans alone with their powerful and well paid organization reached him and told him that he must vote to save his job and the Constitution.

It is interesting to note that this process was most successful where it was applied most intensively, as is shown by the fact that the Farmer-Labor gain was only about 6,000 in Minneapolis and was approximately 70,000 in the rest of the state.

There is another side to this situation, however, not so flattering to the Farmer-Labor or Progressive cause of the Northwest.

Why did not the Farmer-Labor movement with its better moral and intellectual resources and its greater springs of enthusiasm meet this new attack more effectively?

The answer is that the Farmer-Labor movement of the Northwest has suffered a moral and intellectual relapse as a result of its sudden growth and its approach too suddenly to the flesh pots of political spoils and power. With the milk and honey of the Promised Land already ascending to its nostrils it has attracted to a dangerous extent the same parasitic riff-raff that have corrupted the older political parties. It is either sleeping, soon to awaken again, or it has lost much of the social vision and crusading spirit it had in the days when cavalcades of auto-driven farmers twelve and twenty miles long marched cross-country like invading hosts to monster picnics, and the workers of Minneapolis were so aflame that they dared to elect a Socialist mayor.

The thing that impresses itself upon thinking Progressives here in Minnesota is that the Progressives failed to win only because of weaknesses, confusions and disunities they have permitted to develop within their own ranks. The fact that there was a substantial absolute gain in the Progressive vote in spite of this and the unparelleled attack of the enemy reveals enormous potential strength and possibilities. The plan to create a new political situation in America by the organized political and economic education of the masses has been vindicated. The fault is that this education, this evangelization, has been allowed to lapse, and has been neglected altogether too much of late. It must be resumed if the only highway toward a better day in America is to be opened. This is the kind of wholesome talk one now hears in Minnesota. And in this viewpoint arising out of defeat lies the hope of the Progressive movement of the Northwest and the nation.

MURRAY E. KING.

Minneapolis, Minn.

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Legalism and Clericalism

THE recent outbreak of a new conflict between the French government and the Catholic hierarchy calls our attention to a phase of European political life that Americans seldom understand. Most of us are inclined to dismiss the whole matter with the comment: "Thank God, since we have adopted the policy of a free church in a free state, we have got rid of that trouble. Why can't the Europeans do likewise?" In passing some such judgment as this, we lightly ignore all sorts of historical and social conditions which make the complete separation of church and state impossible even in a country as liberal as England. It will help us to understand at least one phase of this difficulty, to wit, the psychology of clericalism, if we realize how much its motives are like those which in this country make for legalism. By considering how frantically the leaders of our legal profession oppose all efforts to take public issues out of the legal forum (i. e. courts) into the political forum (Congress or the electorate), we can better understand the tenacity with which the clerical profession in Europe resists the secularization of education and similar measures. As both the legal and the clerical professions serve vital functions, they inevitably fall into the attitude that salvation even in political issues can come solely through them.

Human purposes can generally be achieved only by painstaking devotion to well-organized means. But the habitual attention to these means tends to make us so extol their importance that the ends themselves become remote, shadowy and of relatively little moment. The typical illustration of this is the faithful civil servant to whom the welfare of the public is completely subordinated to the smooth functioning of his office routine. Some instances of this have become proverbial: the librarian who guards his books so faithfully that the readers have insuperable difficulty in getting at them, or the old Austrian general who complained that war spoiled the discipline of his soldiers. A remarkable instance of this on a large scale is the way in which teaching and scholarship in this country have been so subordinated to educational administration, that we regard it as perfectly natural that all the high honors and rewards of the teaching profession should be bestowed on those who desert it to become administrators or bureaucrats.

It is only by realizing the extent of this human tendency to extol our instruments, even to the neglect of the ends they should serve, that we can avoid attributing the narrowness of legalism and clericalism to purely economic class-interests. Why should the clergy as a body have opposed the Copernican astronomy or Darwinian biology? Surely the training and the career of a priest do not make him an authority on physics and biology; and what harm to religion if we recognize that the Hebrews, like all other peoples, had cosmologic myths? We shall better understand the reason for this if we compare it with the outcry of the American legal profession when certain new points were made as to United States history and political theory. Thus when Professor Beard called attention to the financial interests of those who framed our federal Constitution, the New York State Bar Association rushed to condemn him very much as the church condemned the Copernican astronomy. Let us assume, for argument's sake, that some of Professor Beard's contentions are highly questionable. Why should lawyers rush in to meddle in historical questions which, as the report they adopted shows, are marvelously beyond their competence? When Theodore Roosevelt, in the days before the war destroyed his progressivism, pointed out the inadequacies in the legal philosophy with which our courts were choking much-needed social legislation, he was attacked by almost all the leaders of the bar. The argument to which they all resorted, namely that courts merely declare what the law is and have nothing to do with shaping its policy, was known to legal scholars since Austin as a childish fiction. It is surely a most childish fiction to pretend that our judges have had nothing to do with making our constitutional law what it is today. The leaders of the bar themselves do not make any such silly pretension when they praise John Marshall as the one who effectively moulded our federal constitutional law in the first third of the nineteenth century. What led distinguished lawyers to adopt such an absurd position, in which their hysterical vehemence could not hide the extreme senility of their learning? Economic interests alone will not explain this similarity of attitude of lawyers and clergy. Pure natural pride in the prestige of a high profession must be taken into account, just as it must be to explain why physicists and biologists nowadays rush to deliver the ex-cathedra opinions of science on social issues on which they are most generously ignorant. The clergy had been not only the educational directors but also the intellectual leaders of the community, and the discovery of new truths by outsiders was a blow at their prestige. Just so the spread of new insight as to American history and political theory was a blow to the lawyers who regarded themselves as the leaders of a learned profession though they were merely business-men or client-care-takers. Of course, both the clericalist and the legalist are motivated by a deep fear of the genuine dangers which the new doctrines undoubtedly contain. But "if hopes are dupes, fears may be liars." The dangers of the Copernican astronomy were real only in

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the state of transition. They have no terrors for those who have grown up under it. So the dangers of limiting the powers of our courts in constitutional decisions are real only if we ignore the fact that the rights of life and property are just as safe (if not safer) in countries like England and France where the courts have no such power as they have with us.

The case for the contention that only courts can protect our fundamental rights, is in fact a house of cards which a healthy intellectual breath can scatter to the four corners of the globe. Its defenders are constantly arguing as if it were self-evident that the legislature (with the concurrence of the executive) is always bent on destroying our liberties, and that our courts are always defending them. This is a pious dogma, hallowed by repetition, but it is never supported with sufficient historical instances to make it worthy of really serious intellectual consideration. What great attack on the rights of the people has Congress made in the last thirty years from which only the courts have saved us? On the other hand, any one can name a whole host of decisions in which the rights of labor, of women, and children, to some protection from grinding exploitation have been defeated by the courts. It is a remarkable indication of the power of dogmas over facts to note how intelligent lawyers who will condemn decision after decision for being based on inadequate knowledge, will still oppose any "tampering" with the powers of the courts. Their logic is like that of the old optimists who were willing to admit everything evil and yet maintained this to be the best of all possible worlds. An empirical study of judicial decisions certainly shows that judges like other mortals are not free from the unconscious bias of class interests, and that in interpreting legislation like the Sherman anti-trust law, the United States Supreme Court has fallen down and shown itself simply incompetent as a national organ. But though this could hardly have been denied if we were dealing with the question as historians or scientists, a pious tradition makes the sober truth sound blasphemous. This sanctification of the traditional instrument, the fear of using aught but the "Past's blood-rusted key" to open the portals of the future, is the common source of legalism and clericalism.

The clericalist and the legalist have an undue advantage in identifying their causes with those of religion and law, causes for which humanity is always willing to make extreme sacrifices. But that the identity is not complete is seen clearly in the career of Jesus of Nazareth. In the days of Jesus both clericalism and legalism were represented by the Pharisees who carried the legalistic idea into religion and wished to control all of life by minute regulations similar to those which governed the life of the high-priest. To make the life of every individual as holy as that of the high priest was indeed a noble ideal. Yet it was also deadening through the mass of casuistry to which it gave rise. Jesus's protest that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath, cuts the foundations of all legalism and clericalism. It makes us see the profound foolishness of those who, like Cato, would adhere to the law even though the republic be thereby destroyed. Without a legal order and some ministry of religious insight, the path to the abyss of irreligion and anarchy is indeed dangerously shortened. But without a realization of the essential limitations of legalism and clericalism there is no way of defending the free human or spiritual life from fanaticism and superstition.

MORRIS R. COHEN.

David's Contribution to Modern Art

"QUI nous délivrera des Grecs et des Romans?" Incidentally the Greeks and Romans were German; but the Romantics, when they cried aloud against the crushing tyranny of the school, did not realize that, nor, if they had, would it greatly have strengthened their case—to give a dog that particular bad name not being in those days to hang him. The neo-classical business was begun by Winckelmann in the middle of the eighteenth century. Winckelmann's notion of Greek art was derived mainly from late Roman copies, also it was colored by the taste of a German archaeologist. Nevertheless, it was to Winckelmann's notion that David was converted. It was Winckelmann's "beau ideal" which by David, through the Convention and Napoleon, was imposed on the greater part of Europe. And to understand the history of modern painting one has got to understand what that ideal was; partly because in a weak solution it has persisted to this day as the academic conception of classical art, still more because the overbearing brutality with which it was imposed helped to provoke that pugnacious individualism which has been the most conspicuous characteristic of the nineteenth century.

David, like Winckelmann, was a forceful pedant; he was also a very good, though not quite a great, painter. He started as a capable student in the school of Vien; went in 1775 to Rome and was there converted to neo-classicism; and, at the age of forty-one, endowed as he was with a fair share of envy and malice, threw himself into the revolutionary movement as a red-hot iconoclast. The Bastille, that fortress of political prejudice, had fallen. Was not the Academy the fortress of artistic prejudice? No journalist will be disposed to challenge so helpful an analogy; and by 1793 France was given over to journalists. Jacques—Louis David, deputy for

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Paris, demanded the suppression of the Academy, and became, his moral gesture having realized itself —as gestures had a way of doing in those days— the pope of painting.

That the laws promulgated by David were not very well suited to that art appears no matter for surprise when we consider that they were based on sculpture and politics. Subject should when possible be drawn from classical history or mythology, but whencesoever drawn it should be treated as though it were a piece of Graeco-Roman sculpture —copying the antique, or plaster casts of the antique, being the highest exercise of creative power: the human form is the only proper study of artists, it should be nude or, at worst, draped heroically, and bounded by a sharp, insensitive line, so as to look, as far as possible, as though it had been cut out of some hard material: the habit of using colors is to be regretted, they should be applied in a flat, metallic, inconspicuous fashion, so as to give a picture, so far as possible, the air of a group of statuary or of a bas-relief at least: but, as classical sculpture is at its noblest in single figures, the figures in pictures should be kept severely apart (no matter for composition), and design in depth should be reduced to a minimum: lastly, the whole must be calculated to express and promote those moral ideas which are the peculiar joy of free citizens in an enlightened republic.

David was far too much of a painter to practise invariably what he preached. In his portraits especially, which consistency obliged him to treat as mere parerga he continued throughout life to give proof of admirable painter-like qualities: by his portraits he is most gloriously remembered. It was left to the little Davidians—Abel de Pujol, Blondel, Gautherot,* etc., etc.—to apply his doctrines unflinchingly and so exacerbate the war which ended in nineteenth century liberty. For, of his eminent contemporaries, though all came under his sway— how should they have done otherwise when there was but one Emperor and David was his painter?— it is to be remembered that Prud'hon—who for all his originality was of the school—was by temperament too sensitive and too sentimental to be thoroughly Roman and Gros too coarse and soldierly to be at all Greek; while Ingres, the greatest of them all, was never a true Davidian. Ingres, who died more than forty years after the founder, though reckoned from about 1830 his successor as chief of the school, was a painter of quite another order. By the exquisite delicacy and expressiveness of his line he joins hands with Raphael rather than imperial Rome; by taste and intelligence he is of a different world from that in which the citizen David looked big. Only in his doctrine—his narrow and indefatigable insistence on line—his choice of subjects, and his contemptuous maltreatment of color does he resemble the sea-green incorruptible of painting. In fact Ingres is not even supposed to have accepted the Davidian dispensation till 1812 at earliest—till after the master's death, in 1825, say some. Previously, in Italy, he had studied attentively fifteenth century painting, and had been called "gothic" for his pains. In Italy it must have been that he perfected that supreme gift of his—the art of expressing the content of a form, not by little distracting details within the form, but by a single bounding line. Herein he is the direct descendant of the Florentines and of Raphael; herein lies his immense superiority to David. Both Ingres and David have come into fashion during the last twenty-five years with the movement towards abstract art. Both are abstract, to be sure, but in very different ways. Ingres, like Picasso, empties objects of almost all significance save the purely æsthetic and constructs works of art out of the intrinsic beauty of forms: David, also, reduces natural objects to abstractions, but with these abstractions he attempts to express ideas—moral ideas. Ingres is plastic, David declamatory; and clearly David never felt sure that Ingres was orthodox. In 1816, when the old regicide was banished, it was for Gros, not Ingres (who was still in Italy by the way) that he sent. It was Gros he adjured to abandon military subjects (his forte) and keep alive the pure flame by painting exclusively in the high Roman fashion. The faithful baron heard and trembled, tried, failed, and threw himself into the river.

With decency it can hardly be said that the neoclassical school died before the death of Ingres in 1867; by extreme courtesy it may be presumed to exist still as the basis of the French academic school, in so far as that school can be said to have any basis whatever or can be said to exist even. Its heyday, however, closed with the Empire, as was to be expected. There was always something political about Davidism. David had expressed, or had seemed to express, by accident perhaps, the reforming and mildly puritanical fancies which were afloat before '89 and made possible the revolution. Under the republic he set himself deliberately to glorify the democracy, letting it be understood that outside his rule there was no artistic safety—nor much personal for that matter. To the jury of 1793 he added five politicians of unimpeachable sentiments, besides a gardener, a peasant and a cobbler. He designed a complete democratic outfit—"approprié moeurs républicaines et au caractère de la Revolution"—to be substituted by decree for the coat and breeches of slavery. He organized the fête of the Supreme Being and the fête of Regeneration, in which, he says:

> . . . on verra le maire avec son écharpe à côté du bûcheron . . . les intéressants élèves de l'institution des Aveugles, traînés sur un plateau roulant, offriront le spectacle touchant du *malheur honoré*. Vous y serez aussi, tendres nourissons de la maison des

* Gautherot must have taken the master's injunctions deeply to heart to have exhibited in 1827 Venus Vaccinated by Esculapius.

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> Enfants-Trouvés, portés dans de blanches berceloneттes; vous commencerez à jouir de vos droits civils trop justement recouvrés . . . des milliers d'oiseaux, rendus à la liberté, portant à leur col de légères banderolles, prendront leur vol rapide dans les airs et porteront au ciel le tèmoignage de la liberté rendue à la terre.

But David was not a politician for nothing; and he found it wonderfully easy to transfer his enthusiasm from the Supreme Being and the democracy to the Emperor and the rites of the Church. After all, the Romans were not only republicans but warriors too. The dictatorship of the proletariat and the personal rule of General Bonaparte came to much the same thing, after all. The pedant, who, noticing that in classical sculpture horses are ridden without bridle or bit, and ignoring the fact that in classical sculpture bridles and bits were made of metal which has perished, proclaimed that henceforth no true artist would condescend to paint such unclassical frippery as the reins of a general's charger, found it quite possible in 1805 to paint in minutest detail the costumes and accoutrements of Le Sacre. David became the imperial painter. Incidentally, it was he who gave us the Empire style of furniture. That style comes straight out of his Brutus, for which picture—such were the scruples of "un homme vertueux"—he did not feel justified in inventing the necessary details. He ordered, therefore, Jacob, the cabinetmaker, to execute, after his design, pieces which he supposed to be genuinely antique. These he used as models; and they are, I believe, the origin of "Empire." Wherefore let us be grateful to David; "Empire," cold, silly and pedantic though it is, being the last original style of furniture and decoration that we in Europe have known.

The period of the Revolution and Empire is about the most barren in the history of French art. Not one of David's lieutenants or rivals, not Prud'hon nor Gros, nor Girodet, nor Gérard, nor Regnault can by any stretch of flattery be reckoned a painter of the first class, while Ingres's greatest pictures—most of them at any rate—were in 1815 still to be painted. There is nothing to surprise us in this when we remember the proscriptions, the emigrations and the wars; also, both Republic and Empire aimed at a tyranny over the mind and energies of the nation, which were to be directed along state-determined grooves to patriotic ends. Davidism was a state religion, and David an executive officer. His personal influence and prestige alone were generally sufficient to crush any manifestation of individualism; and behind him was a highly organized government, most willing, as such governments usually are, to interfere in matters with which governments are least competent to deal. Whence was liberation to come? From an unlikely quarter. Waterloo, which made possible the liberation of Europe, made possible the emancipation of the French genius. Constable, Scott and Byron were to turn victory to purposes which would have surprised considerably the Duke of Wellington.

CLIVE BELL.

The Balance of Political Power in Great Britain

THE statistics of the British election in round numbers, compared with a year ago, can be put in a nutshell thus:

(a) The number of those entitled to vote was 800,000 more than last year.

(b) The number of those who did vote was 2,000,000 more than last year.

(c) The Conservatives polled 2,000,000 more, Labor 1,000,000 more, and Liberals 1,000,000 less (after allowing for the constituencies where, this time, no Liberal was standing).

(d) Thus of the 3,000,000 new voters and Liberal deserters, the Conservatives captured two-thirds and Labor one-third.

As usual on our present electoral system, the turn-over in power has been altogether out of proportion to the turn-over in votes. Two million voters out of 20,000,000 decide the government of the country. As a broad generalization, 70 percent of the electors are steady party men who can be expected to give the same straight party vote every time. The distribution of this 70 percent between the parties changes very slowly; at the present time perhaps 28 percent is Conservative, 14 percent Liberal, and 28 percent Labor. Of the remaining 30 percent, nearly 20 percent abstain from voting, leaving us with the 10 percent of wobblers who settle matters. Even the best political tacticians sometimes forget this. They pay too much attention to the party bondsmen and too little to the free men—the unprejudiced, independent wobblers, who hold the head high and govern us by slightly inclining it to the left or to the right.

Now, owing to the geographical concentration of the strength of Labor in certain parts of the country, particularly in comparison with the Liberals,

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who are distributed more evenly, Labor's minimum representation is unlikely to fall at any time much below its present figure of about one quarter of the House of Commons. But, on the other hand, it is for the same reason very much more difficult for Labor to obtain an absolute majority of the whole House. For example, if every single voter throughout the country who voted Liberal last week, had voted Labor, the Conservative party would still have had a comfortable working majority of more than fifty seats.

Thus, in order to get an independent majority, the Labor party would need to capture, not only the whole of the Liberal party, but all the wobblers too. Actually, if the Liberal party broke up, a considerable portion would join the Conservatives and thus render the latter almost impregnable in many parts of the country.

What practical conclusions can we draw from this analysis? First, that whilst the Liberal party cannot expect in future to obtain an independent majority in the House of Commons, it still commands a balancing power which will probably be decisive in one election out of every two.

Second, that it would need exceptional circumstances to give the Labor party an independent majority—such circumstances as the combination of several years of Tory misgovernment with a falling standard of life for the mass of the workers. Some sections of the Labor party would like to stay in the wilderness waiting for the exceptional circumstances. Some day or other distressful economic conditions might yield them a brief opportunity to try extremist experiments. But on the other hand, large elements in the Labor party are capable of seeing that social improvements can only come as the result of clear thinking and cool action, and that the tumultuous exploitation of acute distress would give reforms a poor chance to succeed. New social experiments will not get a fair opportunity to prove their worth, unless they can be introduced in times of normal prosperity.

My third conclusion, therefore, is this. We are not likely to see, for many years to come, a progressive government of the Left capable of efficient legislation, unless Radicals and Labor men stop cutting one another's throats and come to an agreement for joint action from time to time to carry through practical measures about which they agree. Probably not less than ten percent of the British electorate are natural radicals. Their mentality and their feelings, and sometimes their class sympathies, are distinct from those of the typical Labor enthusiast. Their proper place is outside the Labor party. They form a nucleus around which from time to time a substantial body of voters will collect. No important reforms will ever be carried in Great Britain without their intellectual, moral, and numerical support.

J. M. KEYNES.

History plus Hokum

The Iron Horse, a motion picture. Lyric Theatre. New York.

THREE years ago when I approached the chief producers seeking to get a motion picture version made of H. G. Wells's Outline of History, the giants of the industry, spitting on their Persian carpets, one and all assured me there was "nuttin' in dat costume stuff." They know better now. Mr. James Cruze's The Covered Wagon taught them that "costume stuff," sufficiently well done, is the very thing the public most wants.

Until recently, the movies' usual notion of an historical film was a trivial romantic story which by changing costumes and properties might as well have been set in 1924 or 2024. They are just beginning to learn (what some of us interested in the cinema as a medium for expression have been reiterating for years) that it has superb potentialities for telling the epic story of history's slow-surging tide: perhaps the march of the pioneers across the western plains, as in The Covered Wagon; perhaps the struggle of the colonists for freedom, as in D. W. Griffith's America, or—an earlier example which should have taught the celluloid kings something, but didn't—the seething pot of hatred after the Civil War revealed by the same director in The Birth of a Nation. Largely because of the success of Mr. Cruze's work, and of a few films like the Pola Negri life of Madame du Barry, today historical pictures threaten to become epidemic; a fact at which I, for one, heartily rejoice.

A fine example of the type, in its strength and weakness, is The Iron Horse, wherein Mr. Wiliam Fox has paid for and Mr. John Ford has produced, a competent narrative of the building of the first transcontinental railway. The broad outline of the story is accurately given from the time Lincoln signed the Railroad Act in 1862 until the lines of the Central and Union Pacific met and were united, at Promontory Point, Utah, in 1869. The hardships to which the workers were subjected are portrayed without more exaggeration than is inevitable. We see the problems of route-finding, the suffering from desert heat and winter cold, the fights with the Indians, the quelling of dissatisfied workingmen, the saloons and dancehalls which were moved forward from town to town as the centre of population of the main body of workers moved west. For most Americans such a story holds something of the same thrill found in The Covered Wagon, the thrill of seeing as a whole a story of the harnessing of the continent which has long been familiar in fragmentary form—a story in which, perhaps, members of one's own family many have taken part.

A whole volume of comment on the spiritual state of the movies might be deduced from the things Messrs. Fox and Ford have felt themselves compelled to put into this picture. They have plastered it with comic relief, in the persons of three Irish ex-soldiers, track-layers, friends of the hero and always, by a series of happy miracles, on the spot when interesting things are going on. Since the antics of this trio spring more or less legitimately from the business of railroad building, the humor is not obtrusive and is welcome until it becomes too insistent. But the producers have felt it necessary to drag in a highly sentimental romantic melodrama—the usual rivals for the girl, one of them as pure as Crisco, the other black as

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Pittsburgh; the secret pass through the hills found by the father of the hero just before being murdered by a two-fingered renegade who later bobs up, of course, as the unknown enemy of the son, now grown to a very manly manhood, with a flannel shirt, open at the throat, riding breeches and everything; the misunderstanding between the lovers; the reconciliation; the conventional tear and smile, turned on at standard intervals. The story is no worse and no better than dozens and dozens of others manufactured by the linear mile every year; but against the fine reality of railroad building it stands out, painfully trivial and insincere.

One can't exactly blame the producers for this; conditions being what they are in motion pictures, the addition of this hokum very likely is the thing which turns the scale beween sure financial failure and fat baskets of shekels. Probably no public exists which is large enough to be worth considering, which would be delighted to get the epic without the mush; and probably if it did, theatre owners would refuse to give it a chance. Yet in artistic terms, history minus hokum is what we are moving toward. The movies which once did not dare tell a true story on the screen are today telling a true one and a false one side by side. Some day they must go on to tell a true one alone, and do it as well as they know how. Such a film may not be a theatrical success; it may, like the Yale Chronicles, need to be shown to special audiences, or be financed otherwise than by the usual celluloid entrepreneurs. In the meantime, for those interested in the history of this country, the true parts of such a film as The Iron Horse are well worth sitting through the melodrama to see.

B. B.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Equal Rights Amendment

SIR: Miss Crystal Eastman challenges the gallantry of men by offering as a poser, in connection with the "equal rights" amendment of the Woman's party, the question: "How would you feel about it if you were a woman?" Her question assumes a power of imagination which, alas! has been denied to mere man just because he can only think within his own skin. Therefore I can't tell her how I would feel about it as a woman. It may be more relevant for me to tell her how I feel about it as one who cares, I suspect, as deeply as a man can care for the elimination of unjustifiable differentiations in law between men and women, but one who also happens to be a lawyer and perhaps familiar with what law can do and what law cannot do, in the significant details that matter.

The legal position of woman cannot be stated in a single simple formula, especially under our constitutional system, because her life cannot be expressed in a single simple relation. Woman's legal status necessarily involves complicated formulation, because a woman occupies many relations. The law must have regard for woman in her manifold relations as an individual, as a wage-earner, as a wife, as a mother, as a citizen. Only those who are ignorant of the nature of law and of its enforcement and regardless of the intricacies of American constitutional law, or indifferent to the exacting aspects of woman's industrial life, will have the naiveté or the recklessness to sum up woman's whole position in a meaningless and mischievous phrase about "equal rights." (I am aware that Crystal Eastman once upon a time knew something about law; but that was long ago and far away. Now she disregards her former learning and writes as a "feminist.") Nature made man and woman different: the Woman's party cannot make them the same. Law must accommodate itself to the immutable differences of Nature. For some purposes men and women are persons and for these purposes the law should treat them as persons, subjecting them to the same duties and conferring upon them the same rights. But for other and vital purposes men and women are men and women—and the law must treat them as men and women, and, therefore, subject them to different and not the same rules of legal conduct.

The unjustifiable legal differentiations as to women still existing in different states vary greatly from state to state. Now that women have the vote, these discriminations will readily yield to correction by appropriate state action, provided the attempts at reform are preceded by an effective analysis of the legal situation in each state, an understanding formulation of remedies and an adequate educational exposition of the evils and remedies as a preliminary to legislation. But in a blinding effort to remove remaining differences in the law, in the treatment of women as compared with men, which do not rest on necessary policy based on inherent differences of sex, the Woman's party would do away with all differences which arise from the stern fact that male and female created He them. The Woman's party cannot amend Nature. But it can add considerably to the burdens already weighing too heavily upon the backs of women, the industrial workers, who are least able to bear them.

FELIX FRANKFURTER.

Cambridge, Mass.

Whom Shall the Government Serve?

SIR: Mr. Lippmann's recent article aroused some questions in my mind which your editorial of November 5 did not answer. Mr. Lippmann deprecates the granting of governmental favors to any class or section, and describes the tendency towards centralization as "reactionary." He fears government because of the harm it may do and is sceptical about the services it may perform. He would, therefore, confine the national government to the simple duties of assuring justice, keeping order and managing foreign affairs.

I do not believe that this theory of passive government will again be generally prevalent. The main question of the future is whether the national government is to serve a small group or a large one. It is undoubtedly within the province of a national government to benefit either the mass, or only a small part, of the people. Control of the machinery of government in our country falls into the hands of people, either numerous or powerful, who are deeply interested in politics only when government oppresses or benefits them. If the government does not affect the individual one way or the other, he takes but little interest in the way it is run. His apathy makes it easy for principal groups to manage it in their own behalf. These groups, finding that the government may be used profitably for and by themselves, maintain a steady interest in and watch over it. Their superior resources, coupled with the apathy of the voter at large, are the means of their controlling its major operations.

So it appears that under conditions nowadays, the government must serve the people, or else it will fail to sustain their interest in it, and thereby open the way for privileged minorities to use it for reinforcing their own position.

CURTIS NETTELS.

Madison, Wis.

Brains and Athletic Prowess

SIR: You do not, I am sure, wish to misinform or otherwise mislead your readers, and yet you have done so when, discussing the conditions of athletic prowess, you say of Weismuller, "His achievement is the perfection of a new crawl beat. That was accomplished by brains, his own and his coach's . . . "

By his coach's testimony Weismuller swims the same stroke as those whom he defeats in competition, the six-beat crawl, in which six leg-thrashes are combined with two arm-pulls. The explanation of his achievement must lie in differences and perfection in detail, and these are not the accomplishment of brains. Bachrach describes one difference that has theorizing behind it, the propellor-like circular movement of the legs, but the actual effect of this has not been determined. On the other hand, such details as rhythm and planing are not consciously acquired but stumbled on; like the dexterity of a virtuoso pianist they are best explained by natural adaptations of physique to the particular purpose. Most significant of all is Bachrach's admission that Weismuller had his stroke when he came under his supervision. This would indicate that, governed by his feeling for the water, the boy fell into an efficient stroke, and he has made it more efficient in the course of repetition.

B. H. HAGGIN.

New York, N. Y.

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My Stick, Please

IT is easy to be a gentleman at home. A man's home is his castle not merely by virtue of the moat and the portcullis. They are but negative aspects. The inner shrine is the dining room: the hereditary dinner service laid in the approving presence of the ancestral portraits. Here, under the pious ministrations of a high priest in clerical black, the votaries consecrate themselves by elaborate ritual conscientiously intoned as true knights of the Holy Grail of etiquette. A barrier without, a ritual within: these are the constituents of true gentility. One can deal only with accustomed things and be a gentleman: familiar situations that can be met with habitual expressions, old acquaintances who know their place and accept the classifying word. There is no greater error than supposing that good breeding is only a matter of skill which all may attain if they will. On the contrary, good breeding requires a stage for its manifestation, properties, atmosphere, even a sympathetic audience. One can easily imagine settings in which it is quite impossible to be well bred. Who ever exhibited these qualites on a baseball bleacher, or in the subway at half past five? No, the place of a woman is in the home—that is, of a lady. Ladies at large are ladies no more.

A lady by the gutter's brim
A homely woman was to him,
And she was nothing more.

Fortunately for men there are canes. A gentleman can always carry a stick, a handy movable property so obviously theatrical that it provides the requisite atmosphere almost anywhere. Like a fairy wand, the wave of the magic cane transforms the surliest phiz into an ass's head. Even taxi drivers bow and scrape when they are signalled by a cane. Whereas waitresses! One almost expects to be implored for a photograph endorsed à la Valentino to an unknown admirer.

The potency of the appurtenances of refinement were first brought home to me by the silk hat. Now the silk hat is of secondary importance in the economy of the gentleman; a man in a silk hat may be a "mortician," just as a man in evening dress is almost certainly a waiter. Nevertheless, silk hats were then considered an indispensible part of the custumery of the college glee club. Of their social effectiveness there could be no doubt. After the concert one took up one's position in the outer hall, the "vestibule" if it happened to be a church, scanning the emerging crowd with an elaborately casual gaze for such maidens of promise as had been spied out during the performance. At the critical moment the hat was opened with a loud snap. Apparently it is physically impossible for a young woman to avoid looking around at the snap of an opera hat. And as she looks, the hat, now gloriously unfurled, settles jauntily upon the collegiate brow. Under these circumstances a smile and bow are a social necessity; the rest follows in the course of nature.

On the occasion of my illuminating experience I was following, a tremulous novitiate, in the train of consequences of the mechanical properties of the folding opera hat. We had boarded a street car (anything else would have been immoral) and got into something of a jam. Some gallant but, it must be said, misguided soul made a place for the young lady when a sudden lurch of the car acting upon his own unsteadiness landed a man—a small man, heavily built though, with an ominously broken nose, but certainly well pipped—squarely in the vacant place. Something had to be done. Counting on King Alcohol as an ally I caught the chap by the collar and assisted by a counter-lurch yanked him out into the aisle, sweeping the young miss into the seat by the same motion, as it were. What would happen? Decorum forbade that I should look around; I must take the consequences back-to. They were not long coming, but they broke no bones. "Y'see-that-feller-there? He . . . threw-me-outa-my-seat! Yeh! Oughta . . . clean'm up! But's-got-a . . . silk'at-on. Can't-hit-a-feller . . . . 'na-silk'at!" This refrain, continued as long as we remained on the car, proved the beginning of my social education. A silk hat, then, is not merely a mechanical toy of interest to proper-but-accessible maidens; it is a garment of invulnerability, a protection against the ugly atrocities of an uncouth world.

So it is with the cane. The protection which it offers is not the might of sword or mace; it plays a more passive part as a token of disability. One who carries a cane is either an invalid or a gentleman, in either case exempt from rough treatment. In certain walks of life, accordingly, a cane is spiritually indispensible as a sort of Dutch (malacca) courage. A strolling philosopher, for instance, can hardly do without one. I have noticed that poets, too, and artists, invariably wear canes. Incidentally they have little else to wear. That, precisely, is the rub. So long as a man remains at home, though his castle be a Greenwich Village garret devoid of menials, yet shall his Spiritual Superiority shine forth from the adoring eyes of the most perfect lady, also immured, his one and only wife. But if a dingy philosopher wander forth in the middle of the day, treading the streets with an unrotarian shamble which shouts to every passer-by that he toils not neither does he spin, yet boarding the common omnibus along with stenographers and office boys, he is a strange anomaly without a stick. He is thinking high thoughts and he has a hole in his stocking. To be sure, Jesus carried no cane, as the evangelist would say. But Jesus did not live in New York; and even so He was crucified as a vagabond. The choice is commerce, crucifiction, or a cane.

Incidentally, canes are surer than commerce and cheaper than socks. One can get an excellent stick for five or ten dollars, and a stick accumulates no laundry bills and can never be torn asunder at the collar. A friend of mine has shod his stick with the tin lid off a beer bottle. On this system a cane will last forever. This assumes, of course, that it is never left behind. But that is the first rule in carrying a stick. After all, it is not the physical properties of the thing that count, but the skill with which it is negligently but inseparably dangled. By itself the cane might be a relic of a departed grandfather. Only when the insistent habit of its owner asserts itself—"But really, you know, what should I do with my hands if I left my stick behind?"—does it becomes a social function. And one can never know when the worst will happen. Only when I hold a stick in my hand, tapping the pavement in apparent unconsciousness or swinging it carelessly from a crooked forearm, am I able wholly to forget the awful possibilities of stocking heels.

By the way, I never carry a cane.

C. E. A.

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Carrying On

The White Monkey, by John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50

Arnold Waterlow, by May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

Unity, by J. D. Beresford. Indianapolis: Bobbs Merrill Company. $2.50.

The Heavenly Ladder, by Compton Mackenzie. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.50.

THESE four novels represent characteristic enterprises on the part of four practitioners who established their points of view, their technique and their vogue from ten to twenty years ago. They have now only to fulfil the expectations which their readers have formed of them. They do this. It might have been prophesied beforehand that if they should write more novels these are the novels they would write.

Mr. Galsworthy continues to profit from the longevity of the Forsyte family. Diminished as they are in numbers they are still enough to populate a novel. There is Soames, well preserved and perhaps indestructible, to assist as the undertaker of the family fortunes at his cousin George's death; there are Winifred and the Val Darties and June. Above all there is Fleur with the new connections which she has gathered, her husband Michael Mont and his father Sir Lawrence, Ninth Baronet, who revives memories of the patricians whom Mr. Galsworthy, as the Sir Joshua of his day, has so often painted. There are Bicket and his wife to recall the unhappy plebs in The Silver Box and Justice. There is Ting-a-ling, the Chinese toy dog, as exotic and more pervading than Miranda in Fraternity.

Mr. Galsworthy's theme is degeneration. First, the crumbling of the solid edifice of business through the decline of responsibility of the directorate, the corruption of the management and the emergence of democracy in capitalism. Soames Forsyte, as he faces the wreck of the P. P. R. S. recalls bitterly how Old Jolyon would have handled his shareholders. Property itself has changed its character, and the man of property finds his occupation gone.

> Passing the Bank of England, he had a feeling of walking away from his own life. His acumen, his judgment, his manner of dealing with affairs—aspersed! They didn't like it; well, he would leave it. . . He would resign his trusts, private and all. . . But a sudden wave of remembrance almost washed his heart into his boots. What a tale of trust deeds executed, leases renewed, houses sold, investments decided on—in that room up there; what a mind of quiet satisfaction in estates well managed! Ah! Well! He would continue to manage his own.

This collapse takes place in a world of modern society, love, talk, art, literature of which Mr. Galsworthy has caught the appearance and accent with his practiced if somewhat weary skill. It is a world of youth as disillusioned as Soames in his old age, but less reconciled: "Youth feels . . . main stream of life . . . not getting what it wants. Past and future getting haloes. . . Quite! Contemporary life no earthly just now. . . Don't see Life itself, only reports, reproductions of it; all seems shoddy, lurid, commercial. Youth says 'Away with it; let's have the past or the future.' " And it is to the future that Fleur looks at the end with the eleventh baronet Mont in her arms.

In Arnold Waterlow, Miss Sinclair has returned to the outline of Mary Olivier. Arnold's quest, like Mary's, is spiritual freedom, which he pursues from the cradle onward. Like her he must achieve it in the midst of the English family which Miss Sinclair has so often depicted, and against the persistent maternal pull. If Aeneas had borne Hecuba on his shoulders from burning Troy, we should have a more precisely descriptive name for this Anglo-Saxon state of mind than Oedipus has given it. It will scarcely do to call it the Anchises complex.

Arnold Waterlow's inner life is the masculine counterpart of Mary Olivier's. He has none of her exquisite moments of intuition in which the external world is resolved into pure sensation. His idealism is an intellectual achievement. He thinks and wills his way to oneness with the infinite.

> Once in the darkness Reality had found him and possessed him utterly, at any moment it might break through and find him again. Unless there was something in him that came between. . . He gave himself up now. He willed his deliverance. He stripped himself of everything save the bare will to know Reality. His will waited in the darkness, effortless and still. Quietly, before he was aware of Its coming, It had come. Something stirred in the darkness; he was conscious, again, of a queer, still throbbing, subtle and strange, as if his whole being were set to a finer pitch of vibration; then stillness again; then an incredible happiness and peace, and the sense of irrefutable certainty.

In the course of this mystical adventure Arnold is involved with several women besides his mother in relations in which the theme of renunciation is sounded in various keys. Of these ladies Mary Unwin in particular makes one regret that Miss Sinclair has suppressed the sense of humor which made the world brighter with Mr. Waddington of Wyck and A Cure of Souls.

In Unity, Mr. Beresford's heroine, like Miss Sinclair's hero, is absorbed in a quest, the quest which gives her her name and the title of the story. Men determine the pattern of her life, as women do Arnold Waterlow's. Again there is renunciation—the admirable husband gives way by an Ethan Fome catastrophe to another, the sharer in the mystic bond through which Unity is to achieve unity. Mr. Beresford's mysticism is not without the delicacy which in the part he touched has the intimations which lie behind the world of sense, but his story is commonplace.

And finally comes Mr. Mackenzie with the third stage of Mark Lidderdale's ecclesiastical experience—another story of quest, in which the inner life is largely taken for granted and the narrative moves in a medium of institutional rites and ceremonies. Mr. Mackenzie writes of these with the same gusto with which he wrote of the theatre in Sylvia Scarlett. Mark has accepted the little Cornish cure which his grandfather had held, and attempts to direct the services and the life of the parish on the Anglo-Catholic model. There follows his struggle with bishop, church wardens, communicants and dissenters. Bit by bit the ground which he had gained is

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torn away. The one hopeful feature in his campaign, his work with the children, is turned to his disadvantage, and at last, broken and beaten, he accepts the solution which was inevitable in The Altar Steps. At Monte Cassino, the ancient home of the Benedictine rule, he enters the church of Saint Benedict to renew his youth.

These four novels all arise in spiritual unrest, all are stories of seeking. In Mr. Galsworthy's the winds are lightest and most baffling; in Mr. Mackenzie's they blow with steadiest and strongest purpose. Each of the four authors shows a characteristic disposition not only in the management of his vessel, but in the port which he seeks. Mr. Galsworthy, it might be said, leaves us in an open roadstead, on a lee shore; but Miss Sinclair's and Mr. Mackenzie's harbors are admirably defended. And all four direct their various courses by the Victorian compass of which the needle points to the true north of renunciation.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Ancient America

The Land of Journeys' Ending, by Mary Austin. New York: The Century Company. $4.00.

IT is not true, what we are always saying, that America is a young country. We say so because we are Europeans and antiquity for us lies across the two oceans. For four centuries we have been watering roots pulled out of the these antiquities and waiting for them to grow into a national culture; but the seedlings of Greece and Rome and mediaeval Europe have steadfastly refused to become an American forest. Mrs. Austin says:

> We can no more produce in any section of the United States, a quick and characteristic culture with the worn currency of classicism and Chistianity, than we can do business with the currency of ancient Rome.

While we swing from the apron strings of the Old World, the antiquity of America lies under our very noses. While we reach across oceans and centuries for the past of race the past of the country lies ignored at our hand. Our poets sigh for Florence and English villages and the enchantment of Aegean names; yet half across their own country lies a land mellowed by unplumbed antiquity, rich with the spiritual wealth of an original civilization. This is the theme of Mrs. Austin's book, a hope so vivid that she mistakes it for prophecy, that the ancient America which went down before two invaders, will conquer its conquerors yet.

There are reasons, beside the fact that it was written by Mrs. Austin, that make this badly named and badly bound book worth the reading. It misses being a great document in the history of American culture (if such a thing could be) by an absence of plausibility, but that does not impair its value as a book. It explains again, and very nicely, what has ever been hazy to the general—the New Mexico Movement (shall we call it that?) among painters and writers from the East, which has always seemed an affectation to people for whom the Southwest is the sole province of Tom Mix and Zane Grey. They understood from the railroad posters that there was an extravagance of color there, but it seemed too unsubtle and crude for the neurasthenics of New York. And the Indian fetish was hard to understand, for the American is either sentimental or patronizing about the aborigine; he cannot take seriously the indigenous achievements of his own land. The brotherhood of New Mexicans takes them seriously, and Mrs. Austin, who takes them very seriously, goes a long way toward explaining why. She biographies the land and its achievements together, and under her painstaking pen the imagined crudities of the Southwest are split a thousand ways and deepened with a thousand meanings not apparent in railroad posters. She dips a little into geology and archaeology, much into history in a Little Jack Horner way, and scatters every page lavishly with pure description.

> Go far enough on any of its trails, and you begin to see how the world is made. In such a manner mountains are thrust up; there stands the cone from which this river of black rock was cast out; around this moon-colored playa, rises the rim of its ancient lake; by this earthquake rent the torrent was led that drained it. What man in some measure understands, he is no longer afraid of; the next step is mastery . . .
>
> To say that the Southwest has a significant past and will have a magnificent future, because it is a superb wealth breeder, is to miss the fact that several generations of men wasted themselves upon it happily, without taking any measure of its vast material resources. The nineteenth century assault which found California a lady of comparatively easy virtue, quailed before the austere virginity of Arizona; but the better men among them . . . married the land because they loved it, and afterward made it bear . . . Men felt here the nameless content of the creative spirit in the presence of its proper instrument.

Whatever Mrs. Austin writes about in her chapter-essays—the cultures that excavators have found, the cactuses under the Mogollon rim, the Spanish missions, sonorously named—to everything she brings the flash of an exhilarating idea, the pure color of a poetic conception. At the end the Southwest that has seemed so simply sagebrush is refined into a subtle ancient land, beautiful in delicate ways, with a wealth of symbolism belonging to its own proper past, and to the Spanish civilization that has mellowed over it.

At the end, again, one feels it has been worth the trip, but hardly worth sojourn at the destination. There is good writing in the book—fresh pellucid description, sometimes nearly passionate. But on the whole it is journalism. It is full of the segments of ideas, crystalline but fragmentary, unintellectual ideas born of intuition or emotion or some uncircular working of the mind. The thread upon which the book hangs is the most unintellectual idea of all, for it is only tenuously true, far too frail to bear the weight of meaning hung upon it. Mrs. Austin does not fail to convince us that there is beauty in the antiquity of our own country. She awakens that "steady purr in the midriff of our being" which is the pride of nationality. But she does not convince us, by citing the Thunderbird tourist agency and the dances of the young men of Prescott that the country will ever ground itself on these aboriginal foundations, or that the expression of our nationality will ever flow through the symbols of the cultures we destroyed.

ELIZABETH VINCENT.

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Apologia for Capitalism

The Ethics of Capitalism, by Judson G. Rosebush. New York: Association Press. $1.50.

MR. ROSEBUSH is a representative capitalist. He accepts the existing capitalistic social order in toto, for day by day in every way it offers him increasing opportunities to exercise his growing powers and to realize his expanding ambitions—that is, ever since the day he had the sagacity and good fortune to marry the only daughter (and millions) of an aged manufacturer and banker. In order to impress his readers duly with the fact that he is a man of parts and that he speaks with authority, he begins the volume with a catalogue of the positions he holds, which reads like a typical page from The Goose-Step. He is president of several large concerns, vice-president of several others, the owner of a large cattle ranch, superintendent of a Methodist Sunday school, trustee of two colleges, and a member of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

The book is an unsuccessful attempt to justify ruthless business methods and to discredit every movement for social reform. It is a heroic effort in defense of "this fine pretty world" which he believes to be in imminent danger of destruction, not because of any inherent defects in structure, but because of the dastardly attacks of disgruntled labor agitators and social reformers. He might have spared himself the trouble and used the time and energy increasing his bank account, for the book is insufferably dull and merely an inferior imitation of Hartley Withers's The Case for Capitalism.

In solving the problems of the day, the author has recourse to orthodox economic theory. All suggested reforms in behalf of wage-earners are opposed to the interests of the public because the public pays the bill. The captains of industry and finance are the real friends of the people, in spite of the fact that since the war the bankers have the country by the throat. Industrial democracy consists in the open shop. Trade unionism, the Plumb plan, Sovietism, and the social creed of the churches, which calls for a living wage as a minimum and for the highest wage an industry can afford—these are the spawn of the same brand of pernicious socialistic agitation; pernicious because it would wrest the control and direction of society from the hands of "the more intelligent members of the community, who by virtue of their superior mentality have become property owners." Benevolent paternalism will solve our troublesome labor problems. All profit-sharing schemes are condemned as economically unsound. We need a new system of taxation in which spending is penalized and saving rewarded, notwithstanding the fact that America has fifty percent more capital goods than can be used. An example of the author's ethics, and incidentally of good business, is given us in a statement that he has transferred large sums of money from a state that protects its people from exploitation by stringent corporation laws to one that has lax ones.

Our disappointment in the book is the more poignant because the author has had the benefit of studying under such stimulating minds as Seager, McMaster, Fetter, Ely, La Follette, and others; because he was for years a professor of economics; and because he poses as an enlightened capitalist and Christian business man. The book would be harmless enough hat it been published by anyone else but the Y. M. C. A. Press. As it is it will do much harm because the industrial secretaries and most of the other secretaries of the Y. M. C. A. will accept it as pure gospel with the result that the organization will become more reactionary in its industrial program than ever. The book was written for these men. Indeed, it is the result of a series of lectures first delivered to industrial secretaries at a summer school. Rosebush specifically warns religious bodies to beware of the vicious so-called social gospel, and admonishes them to follow the example of their leader Jesus Christ, who preached the true gospel and kept silent on economic issues. As a member of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A., Mr. Rosebush helps shape the idustrial policy of that organization, and we cannot hope for any effective work from it until men of his type are replaced by business men truly progressive and enlightened.

GUSTAV T. SCHWENNING.

A Poet of Lasting Things

Wild Cherry, by Lizette Woodworth Reese. Baltimore: The Norman, Remington Company. $1.50.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE has been known to a number of lovers of poetry for a long time, but to the outside world whose interest in literature is not very great, she has been known only as the writer of the superb sonnet Tears, and perhaps because of Mr. Mencken's enthusiastic praise of her work. When all is said and done a writer has as good a chance with posterity for a little work superbly done as for a great deal even superbly done; quantity does not count where the passports to immortality are handed out, and Andrew Marvel with his half dozen poems, and Emily Brontë with her one small novel, are as safe inside the courts of the gods—perhaps a little safer—than those men of enormous abundance like Walter Scott and William Morris. Lizette Woodworth Reese is perhaps the least advertized of American poets; her output has not been great, yet I am inclined to believe that out of her couple of slender volumes there can be drawn enough of that sort of poetry which persists through all changes of time and fashion to make her name lasting in American literature. This poetry of hers will persist, not because the author was cleverer or more original than other writers, but because, in some way, her nerves were more subtle in response to the kinds of life and experience that came her way. Some very poor critic at one time christened those poets who get in among the immortals for one or two poems "minor poets"—one of the most nonsensical expressions that ever came into the literature of criticism. No poet is a minor poet if he or she achieves immortality were it but with one short poem. Miss Reese's great successes are in the sonnet form, and probably two or three of them belong to the great sonnets of our time.

Her sonnets have that combination of spontaneous lyric emotion and philosophic thought which is characteristic of the great sonneteers. It would be hard, among living poets, to find anything to surpass the sonnet called Portrait which has these lines:

In the pale rain
The tall house shook, and ever after kept
The look of tears. A dream indeed may pass,
And love be bitter-brief. From dreams cut free—

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Poverty at the Bottom of Social Maladjustment

Poverty of mind on the part of some; lack of money on the part of others. Many people live in a rut. It is a comfortable rut. They are well-to-do and have inherited ideas. They don't understand any other standard of living.

* * *

They think of poverty only vaguely. They have never come in contact with it. They do not realize that these United States hold some ten millions of people whose incomes will not afford them a bare subsistence.

* * *

They do not realize that many and diverse elements enter into American life, and that the latter term itself is broad and elastic, covering a multitude of lives. (P. S. They do not read Scribner's Magazine.)

* * *

But, to some, life is a continual adventure. These people observe life and are interested in people. They inquire into the why and how. They are the active minds. They are the people whose writing stimulates and interests you in Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

Scribner's Magazine for December contains two such stories of change in attitude toward life, of stepping out of the rut. The author of one had money. The other was pastor of a church. One studied politics. The other theology.

* * *

Judge Robert Winston was successful in business. He had achieved a name for himself in politics. But when he stopped to consider, he found that he wasn't getting what he wanted out of life. And what he did was to offer a solution to the problem of retiring with pleasure and satisfaction instead of boredom.

* * *

"A Freshman Again at Sixty" is a feature of the Christmas Scribner's Magazine which is just published.

* * *

Gaylord White stepped out of his pastorate and went to live with the poor. Although his church was considered modern in its social work and institutional activities, the pastor found his point of view restricted.

* * *

He confesses: "It came to me with something of a shock when I discovered that I had been looking at life as a Protestant parson and not as a simple-hearted human being."

* * *

He found poverty to be the root of social evil. Those who believe that rich and poor can be judged by one moral law, should read at once Gaylord White's "Reflections of a Settlement Worker" in the Christmas Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

Those who maintain a liberal outlook on life will find here an interesting mind which perceives many things clearly.

* * *

And, appropriately enough, McCready Huston contributes "Immune" to this number. It is an answer to the question of whether the laboring classes are free from the finer emotions.

* * *

George S. Brooks has an amusing story about the war, "Pete Retires" in the same issue.

* * *

F. F. Van de Water is the author of "Three Minutes of Silent Prayer" and Eva Moore Adams of "Shady."

* * *

The first of Mrs. Wharton's essays on "The Writing of Fiction" appears in the Christmas number, and the concluding chapters of John Galsworthy's first novel since 1921.

* * *

W. J. Henderson discusses "The Emancipation of Music" and Royal Cortissoz deals with a neglected side of religious painting in "The Field of Art."

* * *

Readers of Scribner's are not poverty-stricken in the mind. Neither are those who write for it. And Scribner's Magazine aids in understanding life and in interpreting it. (Hint. It would be a fine gift for a friend at Christmas.)

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That love is fleet as flower white or blue
Unpetaled down a yard of village grass,
You knew. I know, and break the heart in me.
Count me the years till I shall smile like you!

or the opening lines of the first sonnet in the book, Wild Cherry:

Why make your lodging here in this spent lane,
Where but an old man, with his sheep each day,
Twice through the forgotten grass, goes by your way,
Half sees you there, and not once looks again?
For you are of the very ribs of spring,
And should have many lovers who have none.

Many of her lyrics show traces of Wordsworth and A. E. Housman, but even in that most Wordsworthian lyric, Imogen George, with this last stanza:

With Herrick of the daffodils,
With them of old renown,
She wanders in a happier place
Than Devon, or this town

she is in possession of a complete world of her own, so that she rarely gives the impression of being a derivative poet.

There is a rare distinction of thought and style about this volume, and that high merit which belongs to a poet who knows English literature and the English language thoroughly. She plays no self-conscious tricks with the language, but like every good poet and prose writer, she contributes something personal, so that the very words she uses take on a shade of new meaning. In a great many ways Miss Reese is unique in contemporary literature; she writes as if, like Mary Russell Mitford, she lived in an old village and knew only staple and long-lasting things, as if she knew the same peope and lived in the same house all her life; she can write of common things, like love and death, and spring and autumn, without a touch of the common-place, and with an emotion that has that intensity and lastingness that seems rare and strange in a country where life is hurried and the tradition of moving and changing a legacy from the founders of the country. Of all living American poets she can write of lost youth and lost dreams as if they were really lost, and not as if they were things that by to-morrow could be replaced by something just as good.

MARY M. COLUM.

Social Politics

Social Politics in the United States, by Fred E. Haynes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

MR. HAYNES is a professor in the State University of Iowa. Concerning the intent of this book he declares in his preface: "Studies begun in the nineties . . . convinced the writer that social and economic factors had played a much more important part in our politics than was realized. These factors explained the origin of minor parties and gradually were bringing about a socialization of our politics. A comprehensive survey of the principal parties, organizations, and movements involved . . . has been the underlying motive."

From this statement the reader may infer what Professor Haynes means by the phrase "social politics." It is the conception of politics as influenced by "social and economic factors." That this conception should be regarded as a discovery even so long ago as the nineties has its implications for the state of political science in American academies. That it should be presented as the sole organizing hypothesis of a book on politics published in 1924 helps to explain much in the national mind that would be otherwise unintelligible. However, even belated mercies—particularly intellectual mercies—are mercies still, and one turns hopefully to a text which promises to use so conservative, so fertile and so illuminating a governing concept. One is led to expect an exposition of the continuous play of "social and economic factors" upon the behavior of parties, politicians, and government in the United States, and a tracing of the changes in attitude, habit and sentiment which the play effected and effects. One is completely disappointed. Professor Haynes repeats to his readers in a chapter devoted to this preface the well known doctrines that the Constitution was the outcome, prevailingly, of considerations of property, that the frontier and the development of labor organizations and social workers' activities influenced the course of parties, legislation and government; but he does not, however, show these "factors" in operation. Instead he sets down superficial and unrelated narratives of these movements and activities which he calls "Utopian Socialism," "Marxian Socialism," "The Labor Movement," "The Single Tax," "Nationalism," (economic, based on Edward Bellamy's Looking Backward), "Third Parties," "The Progressive Movement," "The Socialist Party," "The Nonpartizan League," and so on to the last contemporary organizations of farmers and of workers and the agricultural bloc in Congress; and he declares each of them to be the effects of "social and economic factors." But he does not demonstrate that they are, nor how they are. You have either to take this professor's word for it, as his classes must, or go elsewhere for this essential enlightenment, which alone can justify his book. "Parties, organizations and movements" are surveyed, all too comprehensively. The "process of socialization," whatever that may be, in which they are said to be "involved" is named, but is otherwise conspicuous by its absence.

H. M. K.

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